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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND★

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1942



Dorothy
Lamour

Gene Autry's Advice to Youth in War Time
LANA TURNER X-RAYED! RUDY VALLEE'S LOVE QUEST!
BETTY GRABLE Writes A Letter to the BOYS in SERVICE. Page 20

Open His Eyes with New Beauty!

go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling beauty care, based on skin specialists' advice, is praised by lovely brides!

A MOONLIT night... sweet music... you two dancing! Does he have eyes for you alone? Do you hear him whisper, "You're so lovely"?

If romantic words like that don't come your way, perhaps your skin care is to blame. Without realizing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your complexion—or you may be using a soap that's not mild enough for skin as delicate as yours. But here's a promise. Change to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet. Thrilling compliments—new complexion beauty—may soon be yours!

Proved Milder by Actual Tests

You know, skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine—with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not just *mild*—it's actually *milder* than the dozens of other popular beauty soaps we tested. No wonder the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped lovely Mrs. Aldridge—and thousands of other happy, enchanting Camay brides.

Follow the Camay Mild-Soap Diet faithfully night and morning for 30 days. The *first time*, your skin will feel fresher! But continue—your dreams of new beauty may soon come true!



GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



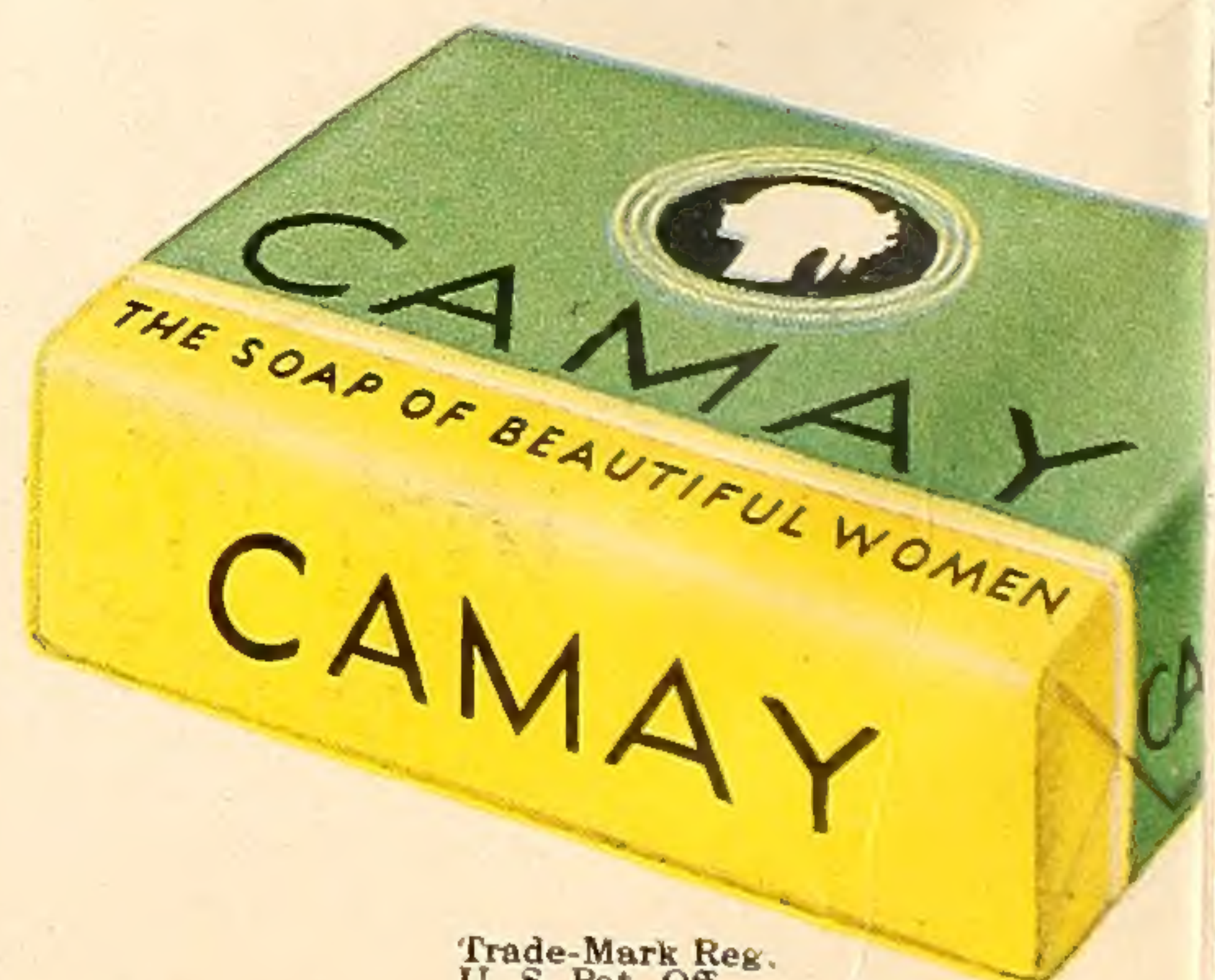
Every night, work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashing.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!



While you sleep, the tiny pore openings can function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

This lovely bride, Mrs. John F. Aldridge Jr., of Arlington, Va., says: "Soon after I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, I began to get compliments about my complexion. I wouldn't use any soap but Camay now."



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U. S. Pat. Off.



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

all hearts respond to a radiant smile!

Make your smile the passport to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

GLANCE ABOUT YOU, plain girl! Who are the bright stars of your own special intimate world? Are they all beautiful—all candidates for a screen test?

Of course not! But the chances are their smiles are bright. For a sparkling smile can light up the plainest face—give it a charm and a warmth no eyes can resist.

Make your smile the real *you*! But,

remember, a bright, sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. Play safe—if your tooth brush "shows pink," heed its warning.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

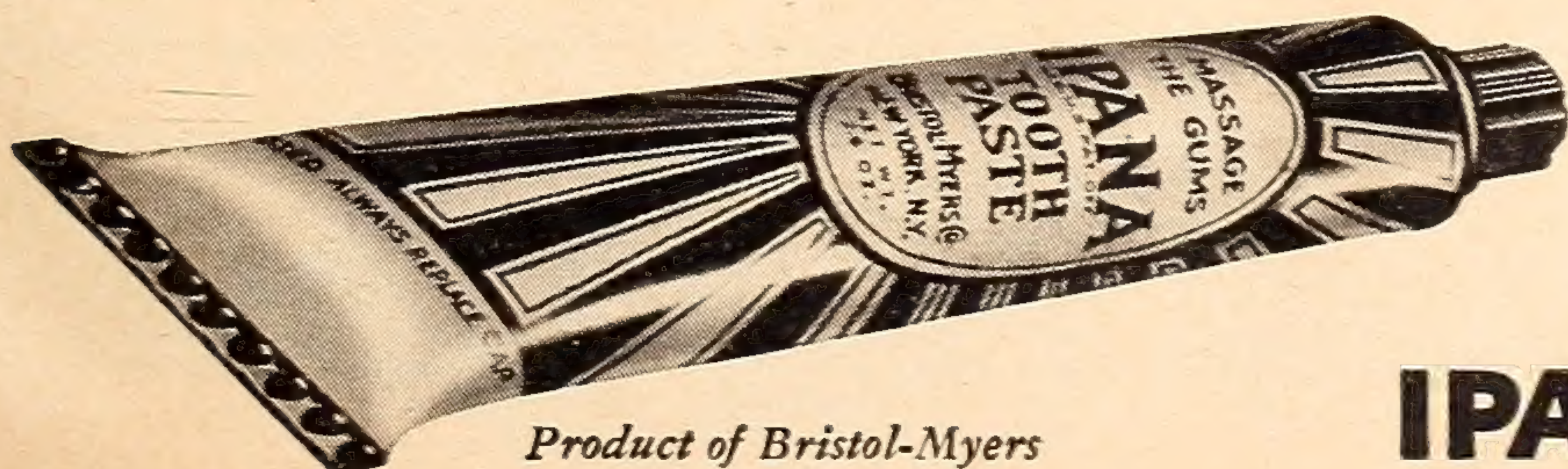
If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist right away*. It may not mean anything serious, but get his decision.

It's very likely he'll tell you that your gums have become sensitive because they've been denied natural exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. His sugges-

tion, like so many dentists, may be "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth to sparkling brilliance but, with massage, is designed to aid the health of the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation is increased in the gums, helping them to a hardier, healthier firmness.

Today adopt the modern dental routine of Ipana and massage and help yourself to have brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more radiant, sparkling smile.



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Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Our Department of Curious Statistics informs us that "Mrs. Miniver" has hung up the Lost Kerchief record.

★ ★ ★ ★

It seems that more handkerchiefs were left in the seats than in the case of any previous duct-draining cinema.

★ ★ ★ ★

A more solid statistic about this M-G-M masterpiece is that from all indications "Mrs. Miniver" will play to more people than any other single film ever released.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Miniver" is more than a movie. It's a message of moment!

★ ★ ★ ★

For a waggish lion we are sounding too terribly in earnest. If you'll promise to go and see "The War Against Mrs. Hadley"—another "Mrs."—and another motion picture that's timely, topical and top-notch, we'll get on to lighter aspects of shadow life!

★ ★ ★ ★

As for instance "Seven Sweethearts" the charmer which brings out so many talented new faces, led by Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Red Skelton's new comic confection called "Whistling in Dixie", the ultimate in gaiety since "Whistling in the Dark".

★ ★ ★ ★

Red's maternal parent might be called The Whistler's Mother.

★ ★ ★ ★

Perhaps the best music since such things began will be Judy Garland in "For Me and My Gal". Watch as well Gene Kelly of "Pal Joey" fame.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the most effective looking morsel ever to be shot by a photographer is Hedy Lamarr as Tondelayo in "White Cargo".



We're pretty effective too—Tonde-Leo

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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November, 1942



Vol. XLVI, No. 1

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Cover Portrait of DOROTHY LAMOUR, co-starring with Bob Hope in Samuel Goldwyn's forthcoming comedy, "They Got Me Covered"

Paul Hunter, President
Homer Rockwell, Vice President and Advertising Manager
D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
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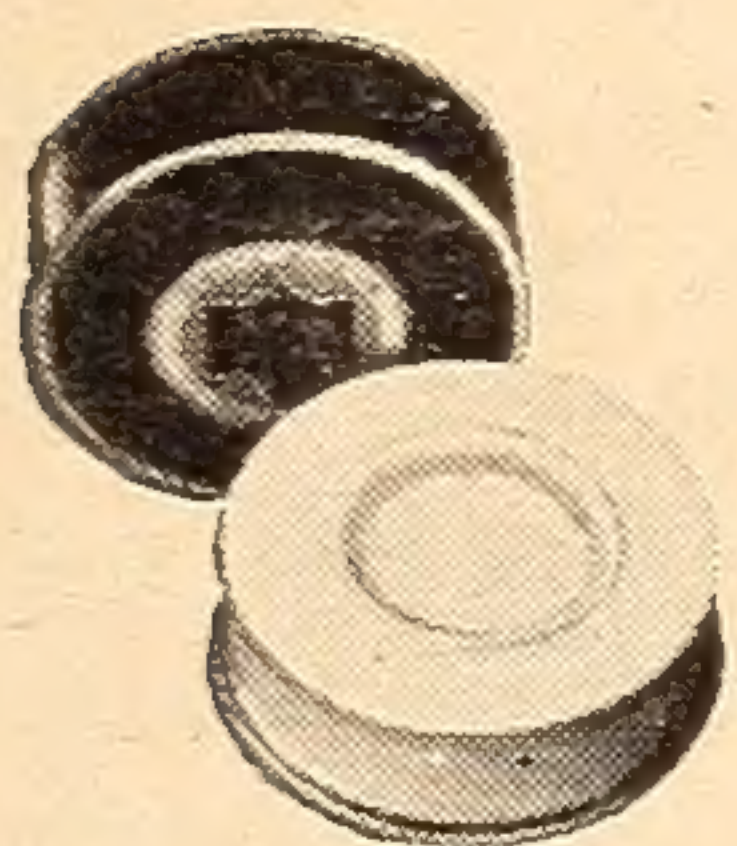
Rita Hayworth

CO-STARRING IN "YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"
A Columbia Picture



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- 3...it clings perfectly — really stays on



Blondes, brunettes, brownettes, redheads.. you can add loveliness to your looks with your Color Harmony shade of this famous powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood*.

The very first time you make up with this remarkable face powder you'll note how the Color Harmony shade created for you accents all the beauty of your type. You'll note that your skin looks more youthful, more attractive. You'll marvel how satin-smooth your make-up appears...and how this powder clings perfectly and really stays on. Try your Color Harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* face powder today...make a new beauty discovery. One dollar.

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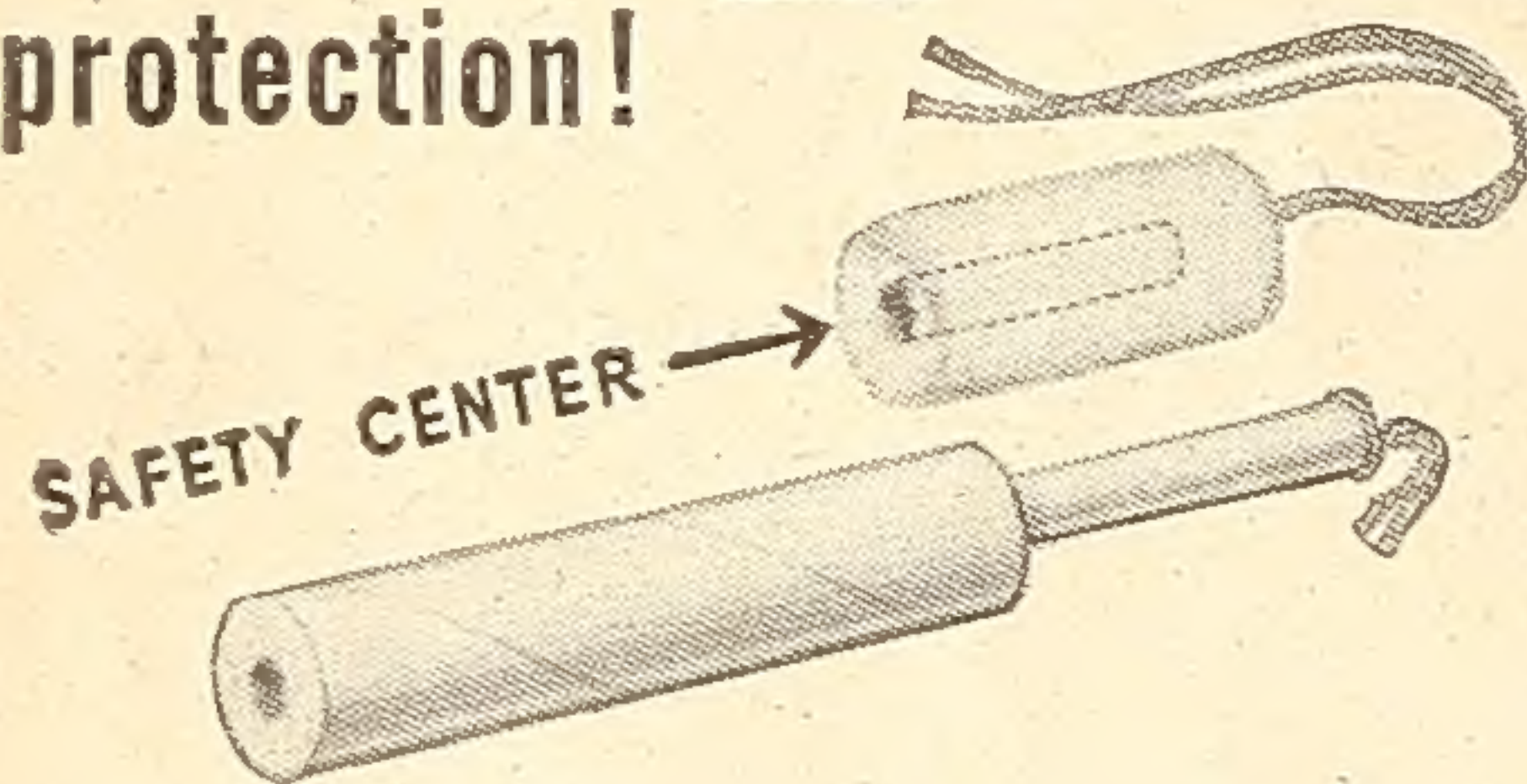
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This tampon was really your idea!



Women have *always* longed for the kind of freedom internal protection makes possible today. That's why tampons were first made. But it was because modern-minded women like you wanted a *better* tampon—that Meds were made. Yes, *this* tampon was *your* idea because . . .

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...at no extra cost!

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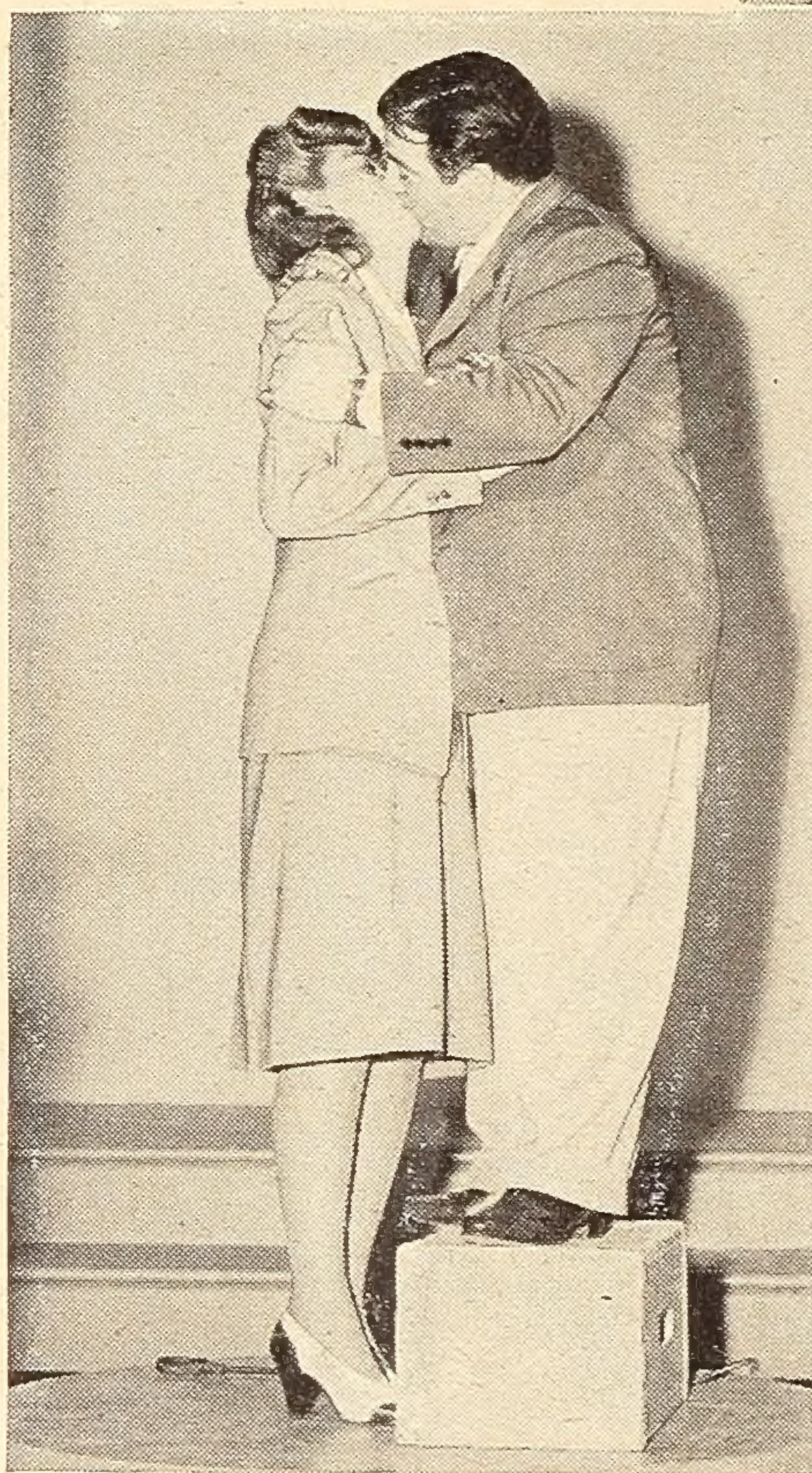
The Modess Tampon



from
HOLLYWOOD

Ah, there, Romeo! Lou Costello, right, gives romance a build-up in this huddle with Louise Allbritton, who appears with him in "Who Done It?", and proves he's a tall, powerful he-man. Below, betrayed by the cameraman, who shot a full-length and exposed Romeo Costello's big secret.

NOW Hollywood knows why Henry Fonda has been refusing all social invitations. Quietly he went about getting his affairs in order. Navy officials couldn't have been more surprised when they saw Hank waiting in line with other registrants. Unsolicited and unheralded, he signed up as an apprentice seaman. Hollywood is proud of him.



"**THEY**" say the Spencer Tracys have separated. "They" say that Spence has taken a hotel room in Beverly Hills. Spence says he hasn't separated from his wife. Spence says he *has* taken a hotel room in Beverly Hills. Says he *always* has one when he works, because it's too far to drive back and forth to his ranch in the valley. In the meantime he continues to do awfully good work, playing opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Keeper of the Flame."

HEDY LAMARR'S friends have given up trying to reach her on the phone. Every week Hedy has a new number. Somehow George Montgomery manages to get it and starts calling her up. But apparently if there's one thing Hedy definitely *doesn't* want, it's a conversation with George, her ex-boy friend.



FRRIENDS notice quite a change in Barbara Hutton since she married Cary Grant. The Woolworth heiress used to be shy of people, especially the press. Cary gets along with everyone because he's met all kinds and has something in common with each. Barbara is rapidly developing the same technique. Cary isn't going to accept any movie commitments right away. He's waiting for word from Uncle Sam and hopes it will be soon. To put it in Cary's own words, "I'm willing to do anything."

WHEN Norma Shearer married Martin Arrouge at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, Greer Garson caught Norma's wedding bouquet. Richard Ney, who is studying to be an officer at the United States Naval Reserve in Indiana, is now sending Greer on an average of three letters a day. So you can draw your own conclusions! Speaking of Norma Shearer, Hollywood can't get over how much her new husband resembles the late Irving Thalberg. Norma is still wearing Irving's wedding ring. It's encased in the new one given to her by her adoring ski instructor.

LIFE really begins for Cornel Wilde out 20th Century-Fox way. And not at eight-thirty. When Cornel appeared with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier in their stage play, "Romeo and Juliet," Hollywood producers stepped on each other getting at him. Not much happened until Zanuck gave Cornel the lead opposite Ida Lupino in "Life Begins at Eight Thirty." The same day he received the news, Cornel also learned there was going to be a little Wilde in the family. Both he and the Missus are hoping and praying for twins!

Ginger is great at
kidding around...

but watch her when
she acts her age!

GINGER ROGERS



GINGER ROGERS

AND

RAY MILLAND

in

"The Major and The Minor"

RAY MILLAND

GINGER ROGERS

UNDER 12

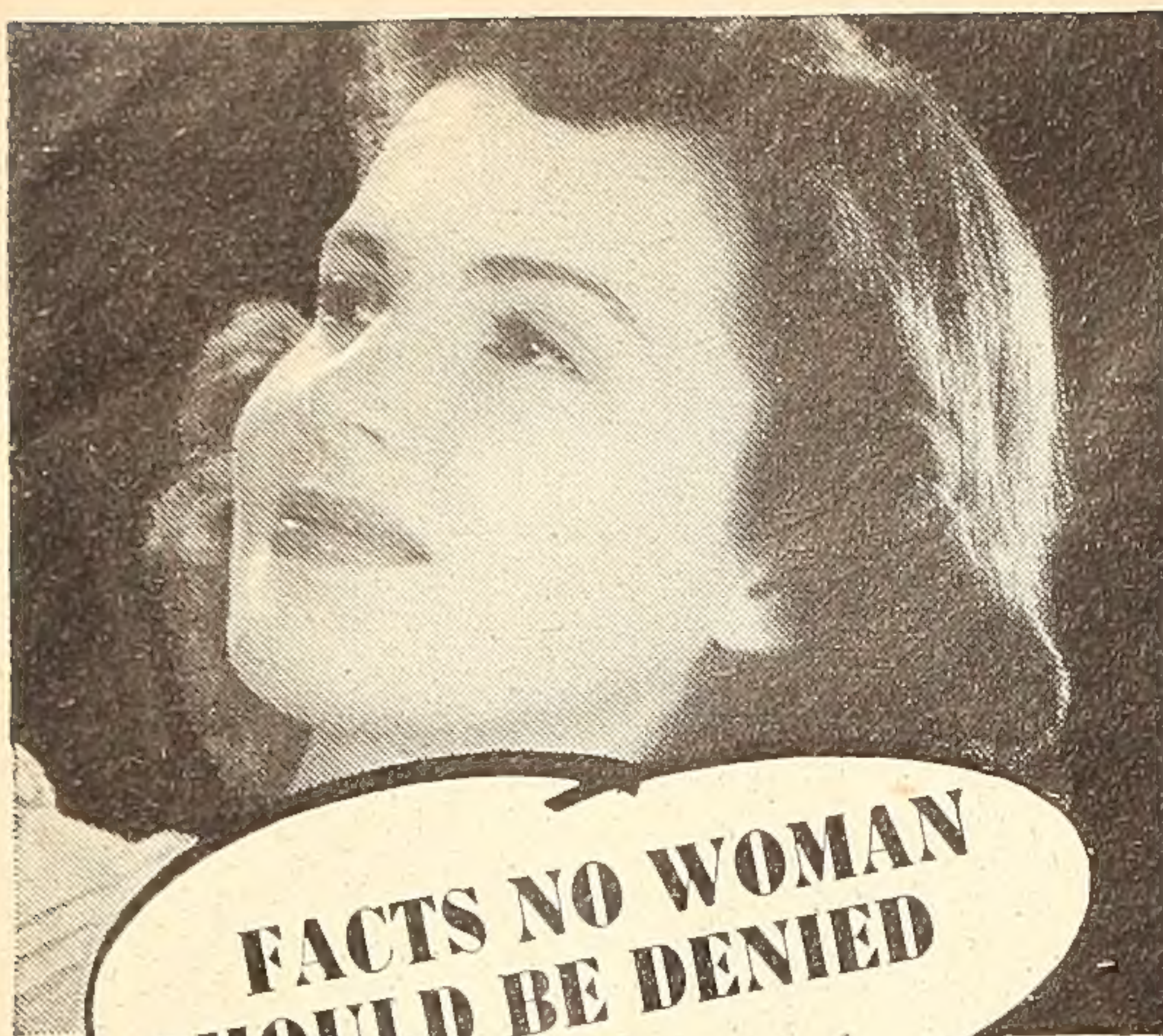
A Paramount Picture with

Rita Johnson • Robert Benchley • Diana Lynn

Directed by BILLY WILDER • Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

SCREENLAND



Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene Gives Continuous Action for Hours

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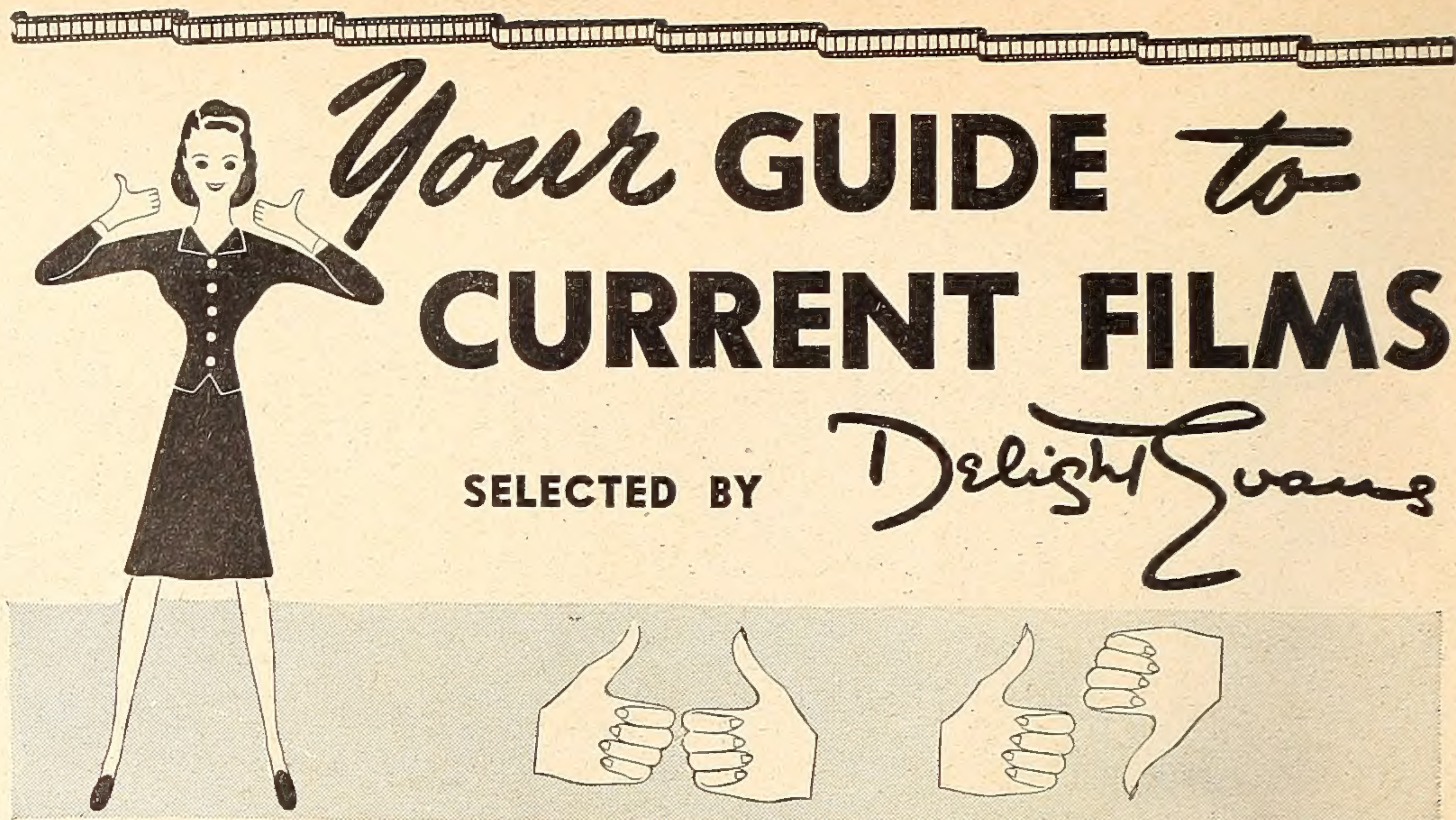
Color Eyes _____ Hair _____ Clothing _____

☐ I am enclosing 10c for return mailing. Offer good only in U.S.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____



WAKE ISLAND—Paramount

More than just another motion picture, "Wake Island" is a battle-cry of freedom to which every American must listen. With utter honesty and complete absence of any Hollywood touch, this stirring screen drama of the Marines' heroic stand, based upon actual records, will move and thrill you as it sweeps to its terrific climax—the "defeat" of a handful of gallant men which was really a triumph of fighting courage. A superb cast proves worthy of its high assignment: Brian Donlevy and William Bendix best.



NOW, VOYAGER—Warners

Best Bette Davis number in a long time! Women will be the best customers of this drama of suppressed desires, in which the inhibited daughter of a domineering mother fights for the freedom to live her own life and wins, though not without sufficient scenes of suffering to bring out the hanky brigade. Star's emotional acrobatics as she throws off family shackles to devote her life to her lover's little daughter will satisfy her fans. Paul Henreid, as her lover, Claude Rains, as her doctor, and Gladys Cooper are tops in a fine cast.



THE FOREST RANGERS—Paramount

This is the story of a Forest Ranger (Fred MacMurray) who tries to find those guilty of setting fires in Picayune Canyon. The two girls in his life are a society girl wife (Paulette Goddard) and a tomboy mill operator (Susan Hayward), whose attempts to show up the wife as unfit for forest life are very funny. The spectacular forest fires and a parade in Frontier Day style, to the tune of *Jingle, Jangle, Jingle*, are thrilling sights filmed in Technicolor. Albert Dekker in cast. All performances good. See it.



SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU—M-G-M

Clark Gable's final film before he enlisted in the Air Corps presents him at his best. The rôle of a dynamic war correspondent is tailored to his lusty talents, and with gorgeous Lana Turner as the girl whom he alternately browbeats and embraces it's a field-day for Gable fans. Call the story hokum, but you'll have to admit you enjoy its melodramatic escapes and rescues all the way from Indo-China to the Philippines. Timely, tense, and tough, it's a fitting so-long-for-the-duration for the great Gable. We'll be missing him.



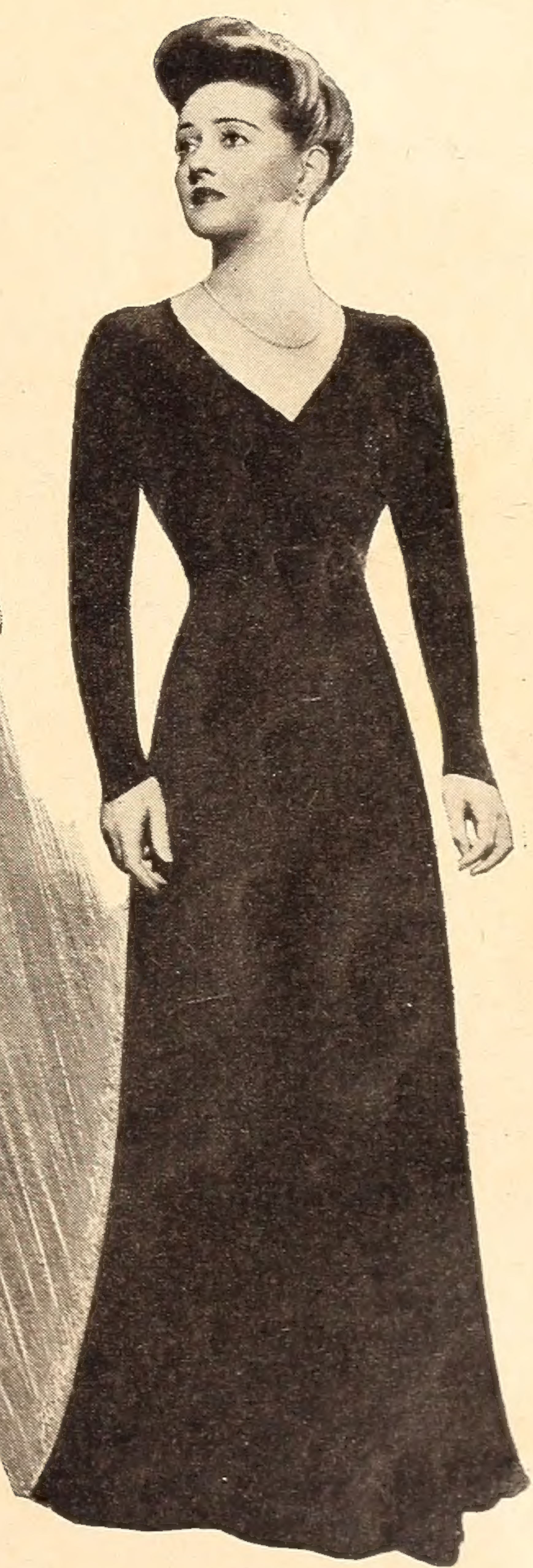
ICELAND—20th Century-Fox

The Marines land in Iceland and *Katina* (Sonja Henie) tries everything to "land" *Corp. Murfin*, whose flirtation is taken seriously. He's not the marrying type, but *Katina* skates right into his heart. The ice-skating sequences with Sonja at her best make up for the weak story. Among the sparkling, exquisitely costumed skating numbers are a hula on ice. John Payne is fine as the handsome Marine. Jack Oakie on skates is a howl. Has catchy, new tunes and the Marines' stirring song. Sammy Kaye and orchestra supply music.

Turn to page 10 for More Reviews

It
happens
in
the best
of
families

But you'd never think it could happen to her!



WARNER BROS.

present their new dramatic triumph

BETTE DAVIS

more exciting, more radiant than ever—with her new co-star

PAUL HENREID

ⁱⁿ
Now, Voyager

*A story that surpasses
'Stella Dallas', by its
author, Olive Higgins Prouty*

A HAL B. WALLIS
PRODUCTION

with

CLAUDE RAINS

GLADYS COOPER • BONITA GRANVILLE • ILKA CHASE • Directed by IRVING RAPPER • Music by Max Steiner • Screen Play by Casey Robinson

SCREENLAND

It's a
BIG PICTURE

THE MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE STORY THAT WILL COME OUT OF THIS WAR!



No drama of courage, no saga of bravery, can compare with this mighty tribute to Uncle Sam's flying, fighting daredevils, who risked their all in the death-ridden Orient!

JOHN WAYNE

JOHN CARROLL • ANNA LEE

FLYING TIGERS

**PAUL KELLY
GORDON JONES
MAE CLARKE
BILL SHIRLEY**

The American Air Corps daily risk their lives for you—keep 'em flying with War Bonds and Stamps

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE



ORCHESTRA WIVES—20th Century-Fox

Treat for jitterbug and jukebox addicts, this filmusical has the colorful background of a touring "name" band plus the human interest of the trials and tribulations of a trumpeter's wife, with Glenn Miller and his merry men to provide authentic atmosphere. George Montgomery and Ann Rutherford as the young couple trying to make their marriage go on one-night bandstands, Cesar Romero as a suave pianist, Lynn Bari as a singing siren turn in good performances. Good tunes to whistle are: *Gal in Kalamazoo*, *Serenade in Blue*.



HERE WE GO AGAIN—RKO-Radio

Radio fans will be happy to find so many stars of the air in one film. It has Fibber McGee and Molly, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Mortimer Snerd, Ray Noble, Ginny Simms. The stars, appearing as themselves and as characters they portray on the radio, stop at a lodge where McGee gets involved in a shady deal which accidentally turns out okay and makes him rich. Not much of a story and most sequences are separate skits. Definitely aimed at radio public and it is doubtful if others will find it good screen entertainment.



FOOTLIGHT SERENADE—20th Century-Fox

If you like filmusicals, here's one you must see. It's a lavishly produced song and dance show about a pugilist (Victor Mature), star of a musical show, who likes a chorine (Betty Grable), makes her a star, then learns she's married to another actor (John Payne). It's a merry mixture of singing, dancing and comedy—the kind of gay entertainment we need these days. Fine work by its stars. Cast has Jane Wyman, James Gleason, Phil Silvers, Cobina Wright, Jr., June Lang. Catchy tunes and spectacular dance routines.



SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR—20th Century-Fox

This is the first of a series. It brings *Sherlock Holmes*, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous detective, out of retirement to combat activities of saboteurs, directed by "the voice of terror," over a mystery station broadcasting from Germany. Basil Rathbone, as *Sherlock*, and Nigel Bruce as his pal, *Dr. Watson*, follow hunches and pursue clues until they expose a Nazi posing as a Council member. Has mystery and suspense. Men who are tired of musicals will like it.



PARDON MY SARONG—Universal

The screwball antics of Abbott and Costello in this burlesque on life in the South Seas will have you rolling in the aisles. It won't matter that the gags are old—you'll laugh all right! Bud and Lou (wearing sarongs) play bus drivers stranded on an island, who become heroes by saving the natives' jewels from the villains. The tomfoolery is blended with lots of hip-swaying by sarong-clad cuties. Virginia Bruce, Robert Paige, Nan Wynn, in cast. Tip, Tap, Toe, colored dancers, do fancy steps; Four Ink Spots sing.



THE BIG STREET—RKO-Radio

Damon Runyon's sentimental tale about a bus boy, *Little Pinks*, who worships a night-club entertainer, who loves only herself, has human interest, good comedy by typical Broadway characters, and Runyon-type dialogue, but it's an unconvincing story. No one would take the abuse dished out by "Her Highness" even after she is paralyzed. Henry Fonda, as the faithful bus boy, and Lucille Ball, the girl, make the most of their rôles. Cast has Barton MacLane, Eugene Pallette, Agnes Moorehead, Ozzie Nelson's orchestra.



CAREFUL—SOFT SHOULDERS—20th Century-Fox

An espionage drama which concerns itself with the activities of Nazi agents in America. Virginia Bruce is cast as a flighty Washington girl who becomes involved with a spy ring. Believing them to be Uncle Sam's boys, she gives them information she gets from her boy friend (James Ellison) whose dad is a naval officer. They redeem themselves by catching the spies. The entire cast works hard, but fails to make it convincing. It has a few laughs, lots of excitement, and suspense is good. Virginia wears stunning clothes.

Turn to page 60 for "Recent Films Reviewed in a Flash"

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

VERY quietly and without fanfare, Merle Oberon, Al Jolson, Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh and Patricia Morison flew the Atlantic and arrived in England. Merle organized the troupe. Their purpose is to entertain United States troops in Ireland and England and let them know we are back of them all the way.

THEN along came "Bill" and Michele Morgan's whole life changed. The Bill in this case is Bill Marshall, the former orchestra leader, who played one of the "Four Horsemen" in Warner Bros' "Knute Rockne." He also figured in the news when he almost married Helen Gilbert. When Bill lived with Peter Ashley, the boys had one of the most popular bachelor establishments in town. But from now on, Bill (who looks like a blond Fred MacMurray) is giving it all up for home and Michele. Isn't it nice that she won't have to change the monograms on her linens and silver!

ALL this time Ruth Hussey was supposed to be engaged to a childhood sweetheart. At least Hollywood took it for granted that she was. Come to think of it, Ruth never did admit it. So that's why her marriage to C. Robert Longnecker, her agent, came as a complete surprise. Bob will soon be losing the girl who gets "ninety percent of his salary." He's due for the Army.

"PRIDE OF THE YANKEES" was Hollywood's first dim-out premiere. Claire Trevor arrived on the arm of Arthur Hornblow, Jr.; Hedy Lamarr, looking like a red flame, with John Pierre Aumont; Gail Patrick with Freeman Gosden (watch this romance); of course Lana and her Stevie (arriving late); Lieutenant Ronald Reagan and his Janie got the greatest ovation from the thirty-five hundred spectators. Jack Benny wept unashamed over Gary Cooper's poignant scenes. Proceeds for the evening went to the Naval Aid Auxiliary. It was a great night for a great cause.

AS A rule most European actors can't wait to lose their accent completely. It's different with Charles Boyer. They say the actor concentrates on giving a French pronunciation to certain English words. Figures it's part of his charm, no doubt. It certainly makes a hit with the ladies and they're the ones who line up at the box office when a Boyer picture comes to town.

A HOUSE-WARMING is in order for Claudette Colbert. When her doctor-husband enlisted, Claudette moved into an apartment and put her house up for sale. But these days no one is taking on added responsibilities. Claudette was about to put up a for rent sign when she learned that Dr. Pressman was being stationed somewhere close on the Pacific Coast. This means he can have an occasional leave and see his beautiful wife. She's now keeping the Beverly Hills home-fires burning.

HATS off to Nancy Coleman. She wanted the rôle of the bad girl in "The Edge of Darkness." She *knew* she could play it. Her agent said she was wrong for the part. Nancy went right to director Lewis Milestone. So convincingly did she plead, Milestone said she deserved a test. The little Coleman, whom Charlie Chaplin thinks is one of Hollywood's finest actresses, is now playing the part. Good luck, Nancy!

"I may as well Work Overtime —I never Have a Date!"



Susie: "...so run along, Terry. Keep your date with dark and handsome! I'd just as soon stay and work as sit at home alone!"

Terry: "Susie! What a dull night life for a pretty girl! If I told you what dims your glamor—you'd have scads of dates!"



Susie: "An underarm odor girl—ME! Why, I bathe every day."

Terry: "But why expect your morning bath to last all day! I play safe, with Mum!"



"Pretty clothes and hair-dos don't mean much if underarm odor steals the show! Resolved: Each day it's a bath for past perspiration—Mum to guard the future!"



MUM HAS the advantages popular girls want in a deodorant! *Speed!* Takes only 30 seconds. *Safety!* No risks to sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving; won't harm clothes. *Certainty!* Mum clinches bath freshness, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor for a whole day or evening. Guard your charm—get Mum at your druggist's today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentleness, safety, dependability—make Mum ideal for this important purpose, too.

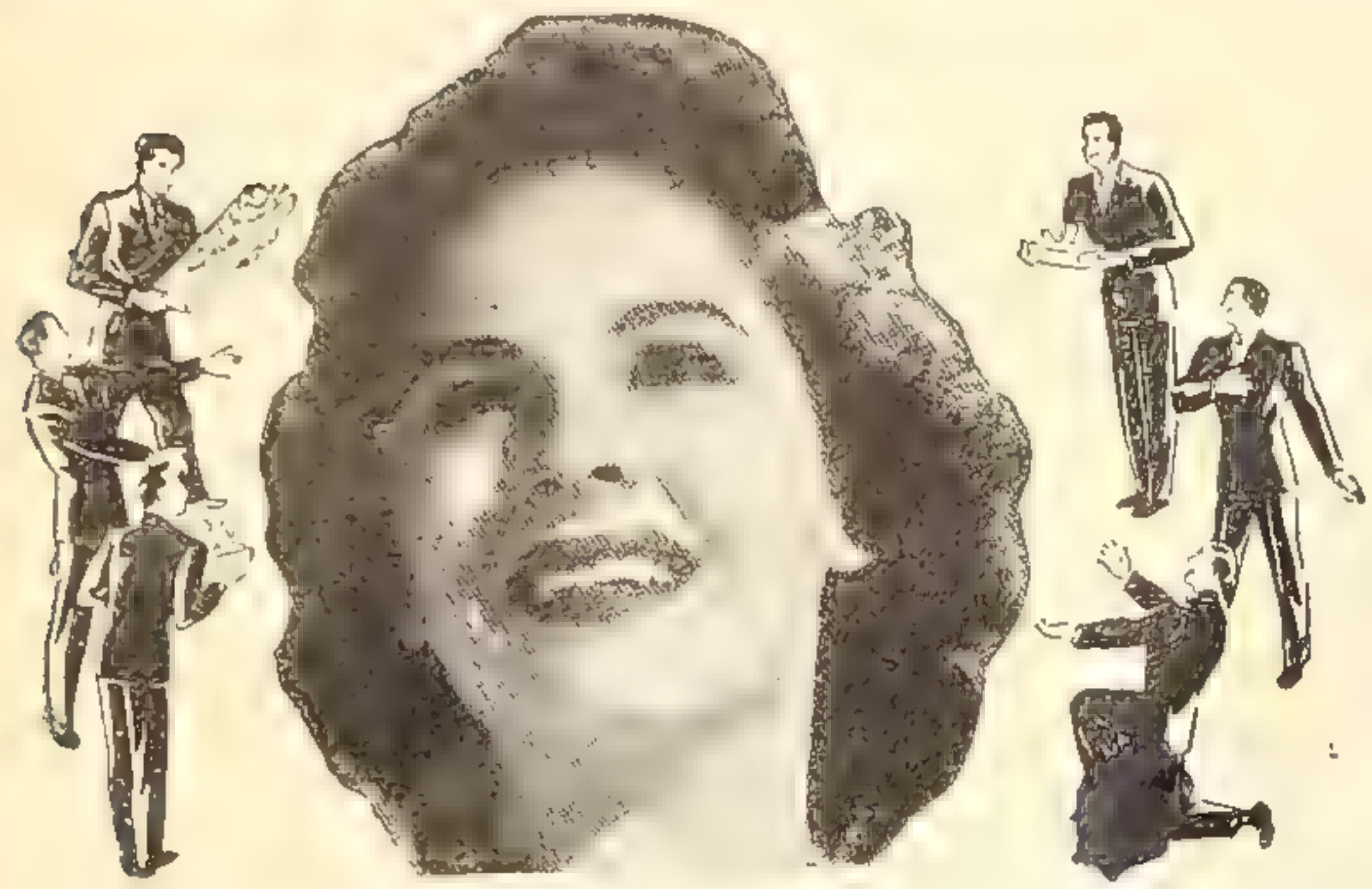


MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

WANT TO BE THE KIND OF A WOMAN MEN FLOCK AROUND?



Would you like to have that "something" that draws men like a flower draws bees? Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, can learn to be attractive to men.

It's the way she dresses—and the cute way she smiles. The eager and interesting way she talks—and the poised and graceful way she walks. It's her enthusiastic manner and gay personality—and it's always so easy and pleasant to be with her. Every little thing counts—and it all adds up to cast that spell, that "something"—called CHARM!

YOU can develop that magic charm! YOU can make yourself attractive, interesting and desirable. CHARM IS LIKE A BEAUTIFUL DRESS! It can be acquired and put on. Learn how in amazing, new book, **BETTER THAN BEAUTY—A Guide To Charm** by Helen Valentine and Alice Thompson (famous beauty, fashion and personality authorities). This complete book covers EVERYTHING—the beauty aids, the clothes, the grooming, the etiquette, the personal manner and the active mind—which all together give you that power called CHARM!

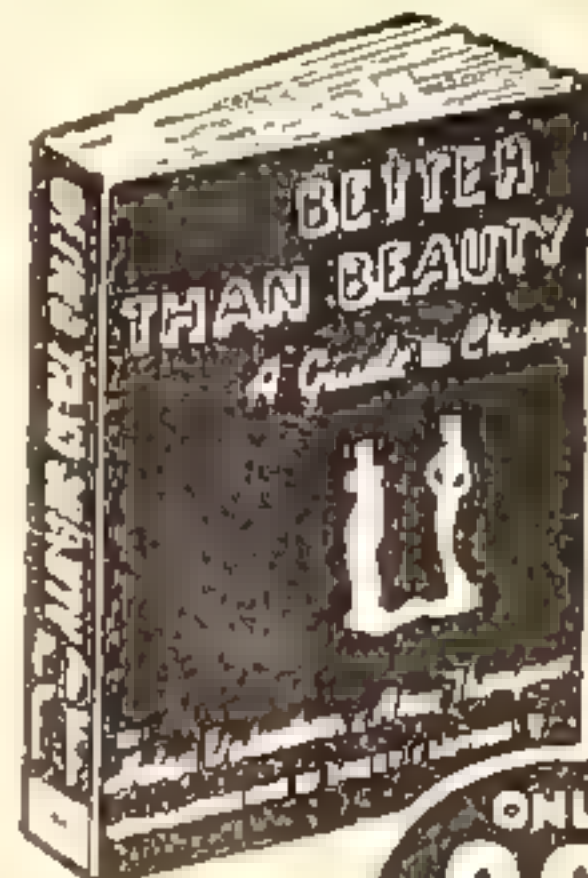
Take the Kinks Out of Your Appearance and Personality!

If you have a large nose, small eyes, short neck—if you are short, tall, fat or thin, or have any other physical fault—this book tells you EXACTLY what to do. If your clothes never look well—if you don't know what to talk about—if not sure of your manners—if you are moody—if you have rasping voice or giggling laugh—or troubled by any problem—this complete book will guide and help you to minimize or correct every difficulty or fault!

PART OF CONTENTS

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- Care of skin and complexion; professional make-up
- Secrets of smart hair-styling
- Selecting most becoming clothes and accessories for every type figure
- How to meet and make new friends; become liked and popular

APPENDIX: An 8 page Caloric Table of everyday foods—a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight.



172
pages
49 illustrations

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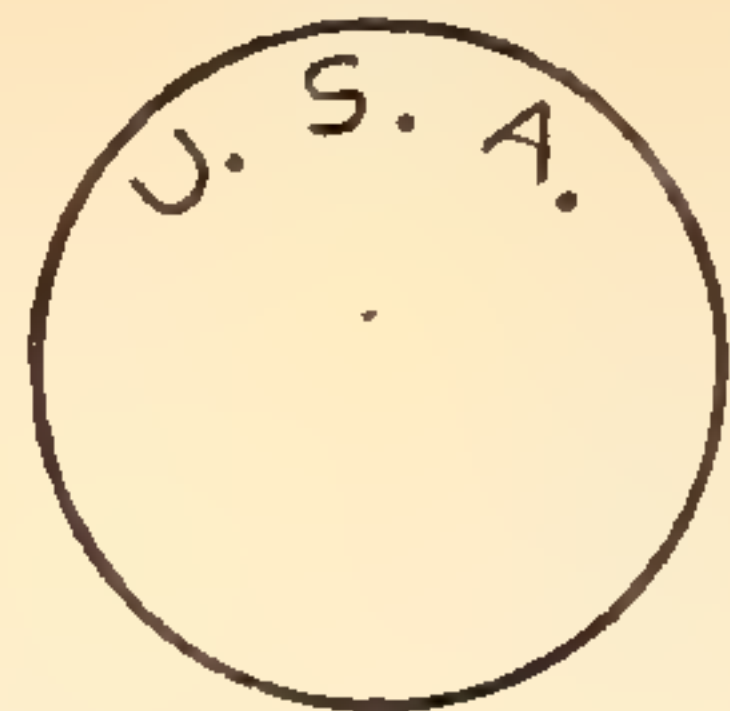
Please send me "BETTER THAN BEAUTY" (with FREE BOOK). When the books arrive I will pay postman only 98c plus few cents shipping charges. I will examine the book with the understanding that if for any reason I am not completely satisfied, I may return it to you (including free book) and you will immediately refund my money in full.

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Fans' Forum



FIRST PRIZE LETTER

\$10.00

If I were given an opportunity to do with Hollywood exactly as I'd like for just one month and I had authority to command everybody including stars, executives, etc., this is what I would do:

First of all, I'd donate a "booby" prize to "Twin Beds" for being the worst picture of the year. Then I'd demand that gossip columnists stop referring to Betty Grable's figure as the best in Hollywood. I'd request Joan Fontaine to give some of her charm to her sister, Olivia. I'd ask Ann Sothern to stop robbing the cradle where Robert Sterling is concerned.

Next I'd give a few of the Gable type rôles to John Carroll. I'd make Hollywood bosses stop starring Rita Hayworth as a singing star when she can't sing a note. I'd command Robert Taylor to do the acting for the family and let Barbara Stanwyck stay at home and darn his socks.

I'd forbid John Payne to sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me. I'd give Margaret Lindsay a good leading rôle for she deserves a break. I'd make all Hollywood female stars gain some weight so that our husbands and boy friends wouldn't expect us to keep looking as slim as toothpicks.

In less than a week I'd probably get shot, but it would be fun even with death as the penalty.

MRS. PAUL ZELLER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

\$5.00

For years, we movie-goers have heard producers give us the credit for making the stars. "The public alone," they have said, indulgently, "makes the stars. We producers simply follow the will of the majority." As an average movie fan, I have long wanted to publicly air my views on the subject.

Take a case in point—that of Veronica Lake. The only emotion she arouses in an audience is one of irritation. If the producers were to ask the public its opinion of her work, ninety percent would voice adverse criticism. Still, she was vaulted to stardom after one picture! Another example is Joan Leslie, who is being pushed toward stardom at a rapid pace, and who has more of absolutely NOTHING than anyone on the screen today!

Other producer-made stars are Gene Tierney, the Great Stone Face; Linda Darnell, lovely but completely uninspired;



GO TO IT, FANS!

If you are not a regular contributor to this Forum, it's high time you joined in the fun. You've probably been dying to tell certain screen stars what you think of them and their performances (good and bad) and here's where you can have your say in print—so go to it. You don't have to be a professional letter-writer—fancy words won't mean a thing—just say what you're thinking in your own words. And remember, if your letter is judged one of the seven best, you'll be awarded one of the War Savings Stamps prizes which will start you on your next War Bond purchase and help you do your patriotic duty. Prizes: first, \$10.00; second, \$5.00; five prizes of \$1.00 each, all payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address letters to **SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM**, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Victor Mature (he just kills HIM!) . . . the list seems endless.

No, Mr. Producer, we don't make the stars. In nine out of ten cases, YOU have decided, even before their first pictures have been released, that lo and behold!—here is A Star. And that, Mr. Producer, is that!

MISS MARIE CHURCHILL, Wayne, Mich.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

\$1.00 Each

Oh pooh! Who wants soul-stirring and hard luck pictures anyway?

The world is so full of misery and pain that certainly no one wants to be "entertained" (if you can call it that) with other people's troubles. Especially when these people no longer exist or are fiction.

The movies are a wonderful entertainment, and can either make you laugh or make you cry; but we've had too many tear-jerking pictures lately and I'm all for laughing awhile. How about it M-G-M,

20th Century and the rest of you? Give us something to make us happy for a change. Hooray! for Hollywood and all its fine comedians. Down with those gooey, slushy, glamor stars.

RUTH DUCETTE, Chicago, Ill.

If this letter sounds a bit dazed and confused don't blame it on me—blame it on the fact that I've been "conked on the bean" with so darn many Hollywood "Moon-Beams" I can't see beyond my nose!

You see, it's like this—Warner Bros. started this "Mooney" trend with "Garden of the Moon," with John Payne. Since then I've suffered from nothing but moons!

There was a Lamour picture from Paramount called "Moon Over Burma." Then there was one from M-G-M called "New Moon," with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald.

And 20th Century-Fox, bless its heart, has certainly done its part to keep me "moon struck"! To date I've been made miserable by "Moon Over Miami," with Betty Grable, "Moon Over Her Shoulder," with Lynn Bari, "Moontide," with Ida Lupino.

"The Moon and Sixpence," with George Sanders, is announced for early release, and "The Moon is Down" is promised for the future.

Ye gods! I'm goin' nuts! What I need is a little SUNSHINE!!!!

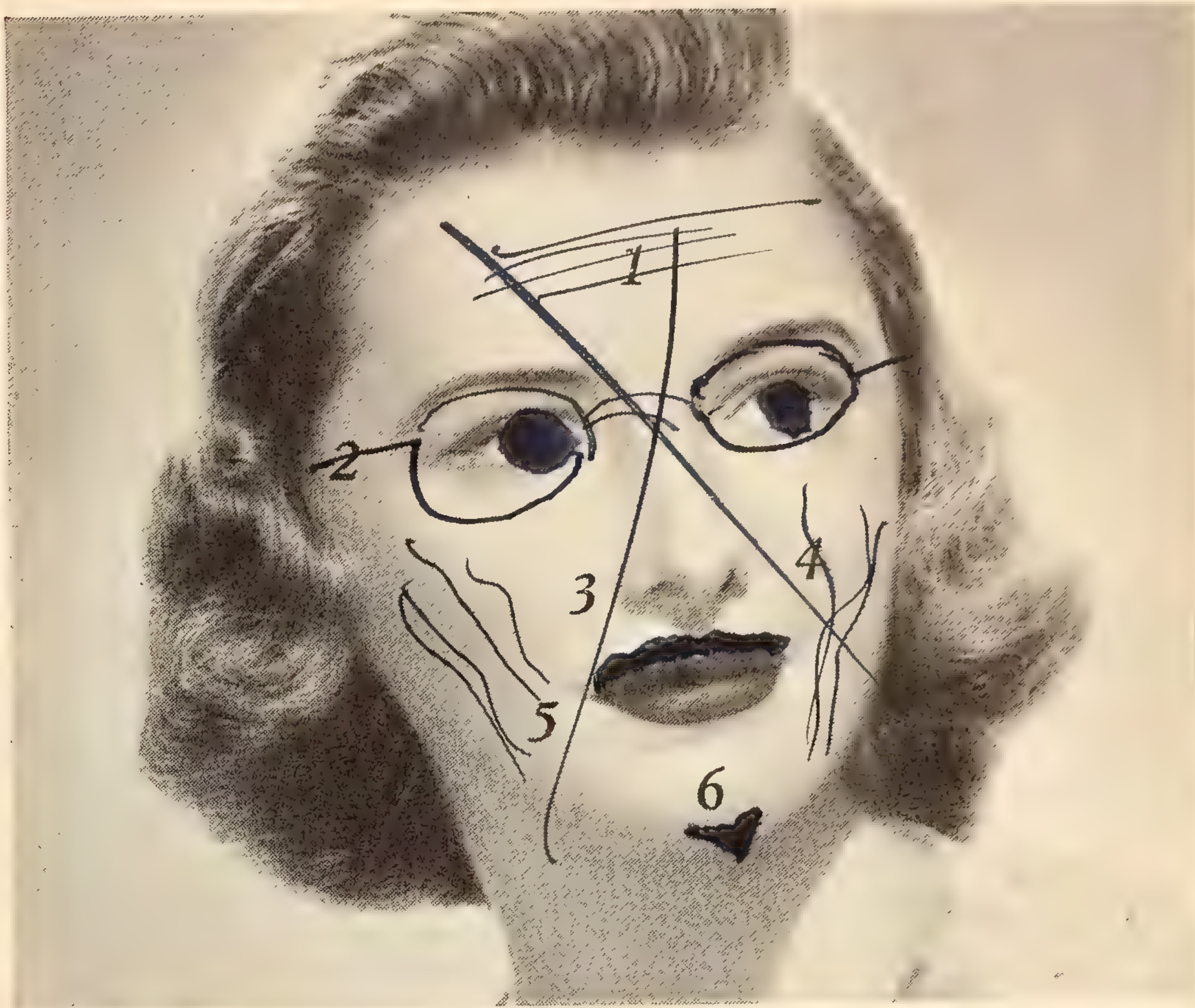
DAVID RAGAN, Jackson, Tenn.

To "Mrs. Miniver" go the laurels for the season and possibly for all time. In a very poignant way this favorite exploits the democratic ideals without letting its propaganda take the art from the hands of the characters. And, by the way, Greer Garson was superb in the title rôle.

Best touches are perhaps, not the exhibition of courage and fortitude of *Mrs. Miniver* and her family, but the understanding and tolerance growing out of the war. A great nation of great people are learning that aristocracy is above the masses only so far as it acts more nobly. This is shown in the events leading up to and following *Lady Beldon's* resigning to the sexton her traditional rose honors. In her sacrifice she rises to heights worthy of her title.

Another high point at the close of the picture is so touching as to have the claim (Please turn to page 69)

I bring you Four Aids to Beauty in One Single Cream!



My one 4-Purpose Face Cream, by itself, helps end all these 6 Skin Troubles

IMAGINE a face cream—one remarkable, scientific face cream—that does all these important things for your skin!

As though by the touch of a magic wand, it seems to cream away the cobwebs of tiny, tired lines around your eyes and mouth—little lines due to dryness. And it seems to help end the very condition that causes big pores—blackheads—oily skin—dry, flaky skin.

And here's the reason Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream can do all this! *It works with nature and helps nature.* This one cream, by itself, takes care of four essential needs of your skin! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream, it thoroughly but gently cleanses your skin—it softens your skin and relieves dryness—it helps nature refine the pores—it leaves a perfect base for powder and make-up, smooth but never sticky.

Send for Generous Tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Be sure to mail the coupon *now*, before you forget!

WHICH OF THESE 6 SKIN TROUBLES IS YOURS?

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Dry Skin | 4. Oily Skin |
| 2. Tiny Lines | 5. Blackheads |
| 3. Big Pores | 6. Flaky Skin |

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Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

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(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada.)



Richard Greene, on leave from active duty, starred in "Flying Fortress," made in England and soon to be released by Warners.



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Pour
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lovelier complexion

Be guided by the experience of over 2,000,000 girls who found MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the rosier shades "tops" for sleek, bare legs. Now these same girls are fast learning the priceless beauty secret wiser glamour girls have known for years... that MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP in the flattering facial tones gives them that soft, glowing "knock 'em dead" look all men go for.

A perfectly blended powder-and-powder-base in one, MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP is non-greasy, goes on easily... camouflages blemishes... and gives your face a velvety smooth, gloriously fresh-looking finish which lasts all day long. Apply it, blend it... add loose powder or not, as you prefer... then forget repowdering, for hours and hours.

Dazzle the stag-line, too! Use it on back, shoulders and arms for evening wear.

Choose from six beau-catching complexion shades... Peach - Rachelle - Brunette - Suntan - Hawaiian - Nut Brown.

More women use MINER'S than any other LIQUID MAKE-UP!
Buy it!... Try it!... You'll love it!

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If you prefer a Cream Base... try

MINER'S
Foundation Cream
with LANOLIN

A tinted cream make-up base. Softens, glamorizes and protects the skin...

39¢ & 10¢

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By
Betty
Boone



**Thanksgiving
food and fun
dished up by
fair Virginia
O'Brien**

Spirit of Thanksgiv-
ing deserves special
decorations and
dishes, says Virginia.



BEFORE the war, November meant goodies rich and luscious, with emphasis on sugar, butter and spices. Over at the O'Briens', where the girls' friends are always sure of a big welcome, hearty laughs, including something tasty to put between the teeth, Virginia and her young sister Mary used to specialize in serving desserts. It would drive you mad to hear about the candies, cakes, pies and pastries they used

to hand around—yes, and keep their wil-
low-wand figures in the bargain!

But now for the duration, Virginia de-
clares that they've given up all that. And



nobody will miss them because there are so many fruit, nut and gelatine concoctions that can be used instead. For example, the dessert Virginia is going to use this Thanksgiving is made of all sorts of fresh fruits (you may use canned ones, if you like) cut up in small pieces and molded into gelatine, the whole rimmed with whole fresh fruits and clusters of raisins and trimmed with sprays of mint.

The O'Brien housekeeper gives these proportions for this effective dish:

HOLIDAY DELIGHT

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot fruit syrup or fruit juice
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cut up fruits

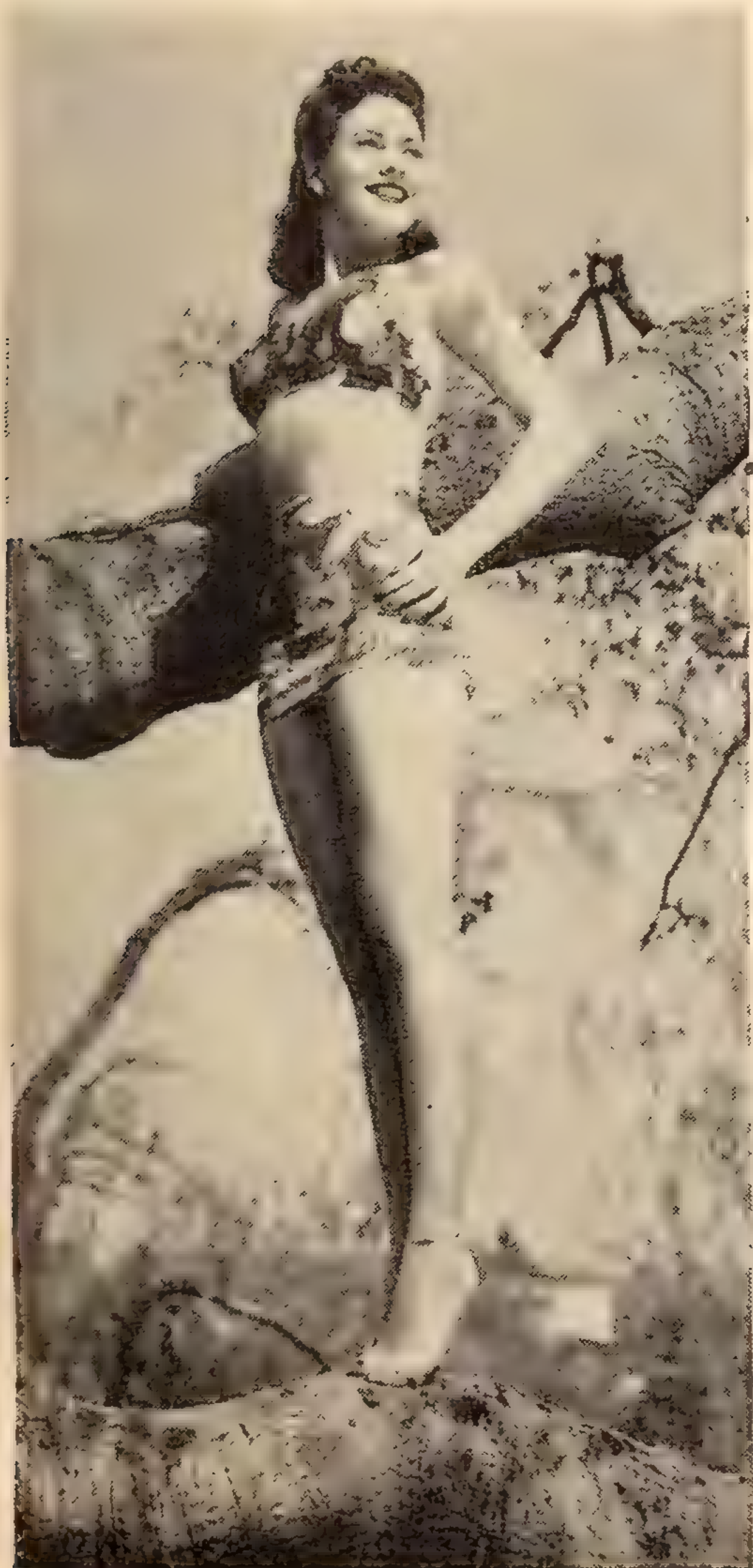
Soften gelatine in cold water. Add salt and hot syrup and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add fruits and lemon juice and chill. Mold should be rinsed in cold water

You don't use sugar in this, because there is sufficient sugar in the fruit juice.

Virginia, since leaving school, has been too busy being "funny for money" to learn much about cooking, but her mother and their housekeeper usually listen to her menu suggestions when holiday dinners are being planned. For the approaching Turkey Day, here is the comedienne's selections:

Menu

Fruit cocktail with wine sauce
Relishes including celtuce, the new salad-vegetable
Turkey with oyster dressing
Hawaiian sweet potatoes String beans
(Please turn to page 78)



It would be a pleasure to be caught "out on a limb" with Shirley Patterson, cutie appearing in Columbia's "Parachute Nurse."

THE GREAT BROADWAY HIT PLAY
COMES UPROARIOUSLY TO THE SCREEN!



ROSALIND RUSSELL
BRIAN AHERNE · JANET BLAIR

MY SISTER
EILEEN

with
GEORGE TOBIAS · ALLYN JOSLYN

Screen play by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov

Directed by ALEXANDER HALL · Produced by MAX GORDON
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Screenland Honor Page



"Wake Island" is a great motion picture tribute to the magnificent fighting spirit of our gallant Marines—a motion picture to make you prouder than ever that you are an American!

We picked William Bendix (left) as the typical, tough Marine from Paramount's mighty movie, for he gives a rousing performance as *Private Aloysius "Smacksie" Randall*, who for all his bravado is really a great fighter. But no one actor can accurately be said to "steal" this show. Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, MacDonald Carey and every other member of the cast are equal to the honor of portraying those heroic men who always have the situation well in hand. Every American must see "Wake Island."





**"I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT
ONE OF THE MOST ENTER-
TAINING AND EXCITING MOTION
PICTURES I HAVE EVER SEEN"**

— Walter Winchell

"20th Century-Fox has really reached into the heavens for this one. They scooped up all the stars and put them on the same screen . . . Yes, the greatest collection of stars ever assembled in the same motion picture: CHARLES BOYER, RITA HAYWORTH, GINGER ROGERS, HENRY FONDA, CHARLES LAUGHTON, EDWARD G. ROBINSON, PAUL ROBESON, ETHEL WATERS, 'ROCHESTER,' THOMAS MITCHELL, EUGENE PALLETTE, CESAR ROMERO, GAIL PATRICK, ROLAND YOUNG, ELSA LANCHESTER, GEORGE SANDERS, JAMES GLEASON, J. CARROL NAISH, THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR and a score of other film favorites.

"To match the brilliance of these stars, the finest writers in Hollywood fashioned the story. It takes you from a tenement to a penthouse . . . from Park Avenue to Hell's Kitchen . . . a story blending drama, comedy, music, romance and stirring action into a big-time show.

"Orchids to these great stars for their brilliant performances and orchids to 20th Century-Fox for bringing to the screen . . .

TALES OF MANHATTAN

"Your reporter tells you now over his by-line . . .

"It's as thrilling as New York's skyline"

Produced by
BORIS MORROS and S. P. EAGLE



Directed by
JULIEN DUVIVIER

Written and Adapted for the Screen by: Ben Hecht, Ferenc Molnar, Donald Ogden Stewart, Samuel Hoffenstein, Alan Campbell, Ladislav Fodor, L. Vадnai, L. Gorog, Lamar Trotti, Henry Blankfort.

**BUY A
WAR BOND
AS A SALUTE
TO YOUR
HEROES!**

20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE



LOOK AT ME NOW...

last week's "forgotten woman"!

"After weeks of being the 'forgotten woman' I was having the time of my life at the Watkins' party.

"I felt like shouting it to the world. I wanted it to be a slap in the face to those who had whispered behind my back.

"Not a man said 'Let's sit this one out' or 'Excuse me, I've got to make a telephone call.' I danced every dance—and there were plenty of 'cut-ins'.

"Moreover, midnight found me singing close harmony with the most interesting boys at the party—some of the old friends who had politely dropped me and some new ones who were plenty attractive.

"It just goes to show that a girl can win back the favor she sometimes loses through her own carelessness. And had I been careless! Oh, my! Thank Heaven, I found out what my trouble* was and

did something about it.

"Perhaps in my experience there's a hint for you—and you—and you."

One of the worst handicaps anybody can have is halitosis (bad breath).* Once found guilty of it you may be under suspicion always.

How's Your Breath?

But why take chances? Isn't it just plain common sense to be on guard against this offense which detracts so much from your charm? Listerine Antiseptic may prove one of your best friends in this matter. This reliable antiseptic works two ways to purify and sweeten your breath.

1. It halts the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on oral surfaces; while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad

breath, say some authorities, are caused by such fermentation.

2. It overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

If you want to be at your best socially and in business, never, never omit the wholly delightful Listerine precaution. Use it night and morning and between times before social and business engagements. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

HONESTY

shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to

BETTY HUTTON

Preston Sturges (below with Betty in "gag" photo) calls her "a great actress." Read why! Bottom of page, Betty with Bing Crosby's eldest son Gary, in scene from "Star Spangled Rhythm."

DEAR Miss Hutton:
When I heard that "genius" Preston Sturges (writer-director of "The Great McGinty" and "Sullivan's Travels" and other weird and wonderful movies) had called you "a great actress," I thought either he or I, or possibly you, had gone crazy. Betty Hutton, queen of the jitter-B's, a great actress—or even an actress at all? Don't be silly. Mr. Sturges was merely making with the sarcasm. And a mean, lowdown trick, too, I thought, because I always liked you and your wacky contortions and it seemed he should pick on Bette Davis or someone like that.

Well, I am eating my words now, and pretty hard to swallow they are, too. You made a trip to New York to appear in a big war relief benefit at the Paramount Theater—on that same stage where you used to wow the kid customers. Wearing a dream dress, looking a bit more dignified and grownup (which still didn't make you an Edna Mae Oliver type) you were knocking yourself out in the cause of entertainment with that same terrific speed and exuberance that endeared you to your original jitterbug following. Later, I saw you put on another act—at the St. Regis Hotel, this time. In a very smart, very streamlined Valentina creation you made an Entrance that caused the social register ladies to present lorgnettes and their escorts to sit up straighter. As you swept to your table, aristocratic necks craned and there was a buzz of curious, but respectful, interest. I couldn't help thinking that the blonde, brown-eyed little girl who had once danced for dimes in a beer hall had come a long, long way. The best part of it is that you're still the same honest, warmhearted and human kid underneath all the glamor, and something tells me you'll stay that way. So maybe Mr. Sturges isn't so crazy after all, to believe in you enough to put you in his next dramatic picture. You may not be a great actress—but you've got a lot of what it takes.

Delight Swann

Betty Grable Writes



On the set of "Springtime in the Rockies," her new film, Betty entertains visitors from every branch of Uncle Sam's armed forces. Above, a sailor gets her autograph. Below, soldier boys proudly pose with Gorgeous Grable.



She snatches moments on the set at the studio when she is not actually working in scenes to dash off notes to the boys.



Young selectees, above, gather around their favorite movie blonde to beg for good-luck autographs—and they get 'em.



A Letter To The BOYS In SERVICE

**But not only the boys, everybody
will want to read it! Because Betty
really gives, from her heart out**

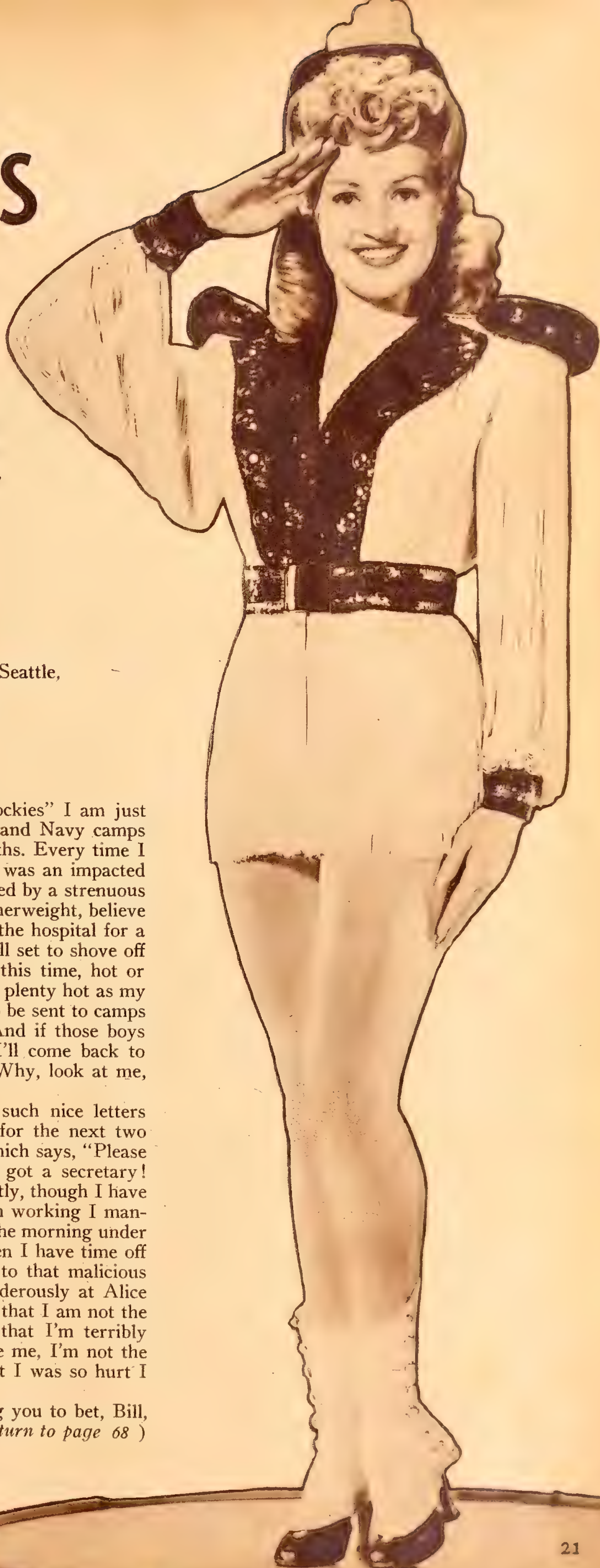
Dear Bill Baker of Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Dear Leonard Koch of Camp Wheeler, Georgia
Dear Jesse Cason of Camp Stewart, Georgia
Dear Eugene Loesch of Fort Lewis, Washington
Dear Arnold Prayer of the 36th Bomber Squadron, Seattle,
Washington
Dear Arthur Rigg of the Royal Air Force, Middle East
Dear Lowell Collins of Randolph Field
Dear Boys in Service:

NOW that I have finished "Springtime in the Rockies" I am just about ready to start on that tour of the Army and Navy camps that I have been planning for the past six months. Every time I planned to leave, something always happened—once it was an impacted wisdom tooth, and then it was a sprained ligament caused by a strenuous dance routine I did with Victor Mature, who is no featherweight, believe me, in "Footlight Serenade," and which landed me in the hospital for a couple of painful weeks, and then the last time I was all set to shove off the studio started my picture ahead of schedule. But this time, hot or cold, I go. And from what I can gather it is going to be plenty hot as my tour takes in most of the camps in the South. I asked to be sent to camps where the men have had little or no entertainment. And if those boys don't applaud me into a good case of fallen arches I'll come back to Hollywood feeling that as an entertainer I'm a flop. Why, look at me, hinting like mad!

So I am writing you boys who have written me such nice letters recently to explain why I won't be answering them for the next two months. I always get a laugh when I receive a letter which says, "Please have one of your secretaries answer this." I haven't got a secretary! Never have had one. I answer all my mail myself, honestly, though I have to admit it's sort of piling up on me lately. When I am working I manage to answer about sixty letters a week. I start out in the morning under the dryer, and then I continue all through the day when I have time off between scenes on the set. Which should put a stop to that malicious rumor that I spend my time on the sets glaring murderously at Alice Faye and Carole Landis. I'd like to mention right now that I am not the feuding kid of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, and that I'm terribly fond of Alice and Carole, and they are of me. Believe me, I'm not the horror that magazine article made me. When I read it I was so hurt I cried all night.

And now, Bill Baker. I don't believe in encouraging you to bet, Bill, but I wouldn't want you to lose five bucks. So (*Please turn to page 68*)

Grable gets from seven to eight thousand fan letters a month and most of them come from soldiers and sailors. Facing page, right, she reads some of those letters while recuperating from recent operation.



Lana Turner X-RAYED!

By
Romaine



THIS really started out to be a jealousy story. Because I buy my shoes where Miss Lana Turner buys hers and all the while the man is fitting the shoes on my feet he keeps telling me how beautiful the same shoes look on Lana Turner's feet. He talks on numerous subjects including the current war news and inevitably and always he gets back to Lana Turner. He never gets around to tell me the shoes look pretty on *me*. But he represents only one of the multitude who think that the little lady is a glamor girl, first class, finest quality, and has plenty of what it takes.

The first time I set eyes on the Turner girl she whizzed onto the set, planted herself in a chair and announced: "I'm just dead!" She had flown in from some place or other in a big hurry and although she kept insisting that she was absolutely all-in, she looked fresh as a daisy. So nobody had any pity for her. I thought, Oh, it's sure great to be young!

A hat with a funny little veil sat atop her head and it made you wonder how anybody could look so good in anything so terrifyingly simple. Her suit was girlish, her

shoes were alligator, and like the man said, they did look awfully pretty on Lana's feet. Five minutes after she arrived her jewelry, which is something to open your eyes, was on the hairdresser, the wardrobe girl and myself. Of course we all admitted that it added to us and we looked fine. But not so fine as Turner who doesn't need such brightness to set her off. She said she designed all the jewelry herself. Clever kid!

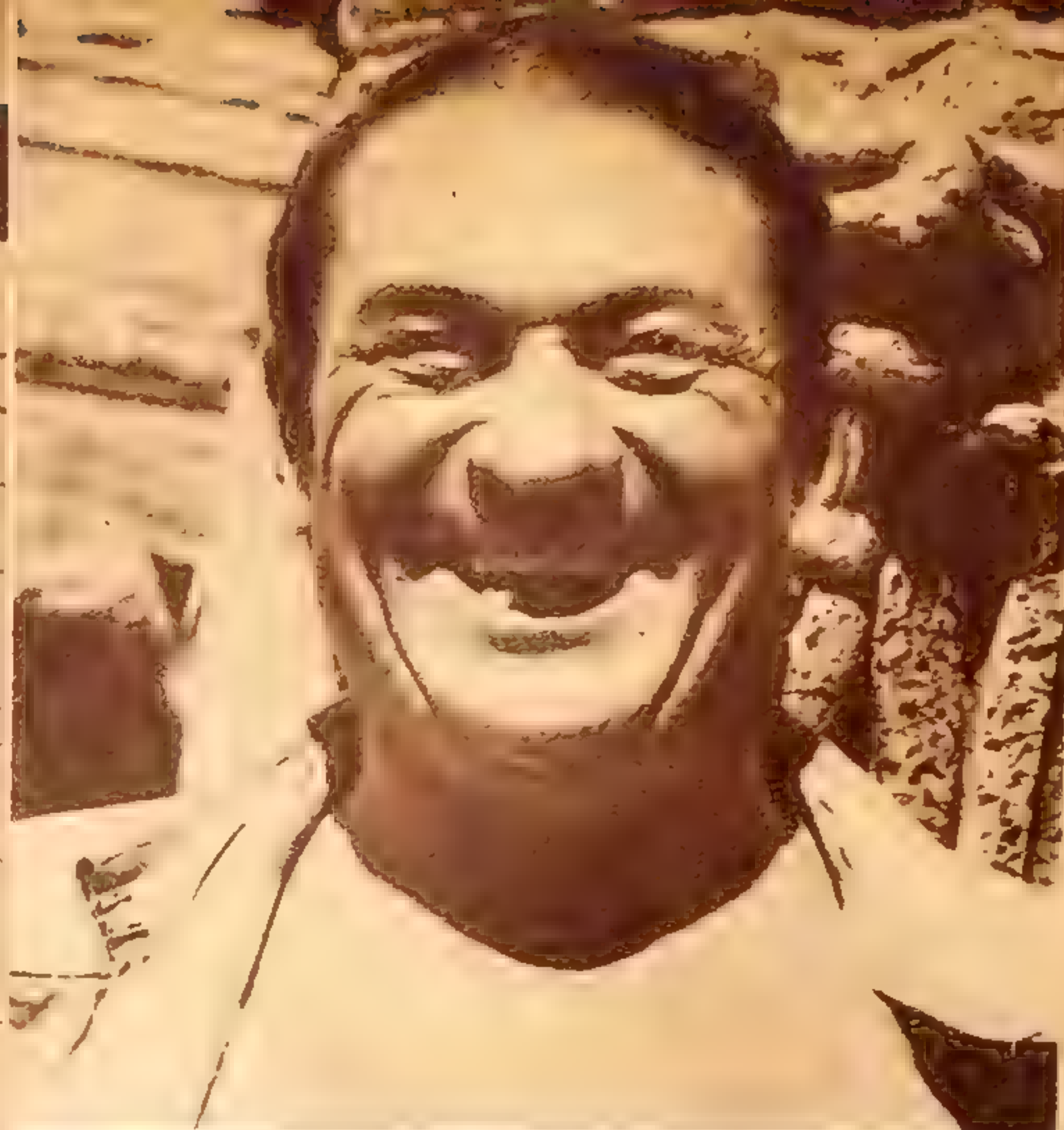
"We'll rehearse a couple of scenes and then you can get home, Lana," the director said. So they started. Between the different line-ups, Lana wanted to know if she was going to have cute dresses and if she could get her hair cut—short—because that's what she wanted most in the world—at that moment. I felt it would be the right idea to take her by the shoulder as if I were guiding my kid sister and say, "Take it easy!" Each one thought maybe if they didn't answer her about the hair she'd forget about it. The long hair was considered a definite part of her glamor.

But Lana didn't forget. After they finished rehearsing she said, "Well, so long—if (*Please turn to page 66*)



Gable's
Last
Love Scene
for the Duration!

With Lana Turner in final film before joining the
United States Air Force—"Somewhere I'll Find You"



THESE STARS GIVE YOU

ARE WOMEN IN DANGER OF LOSING

They're doing man-sized jobs these days—but are they losing their charms? Join in this argument!

YEP, THE SAME GAL!



Maria Montez, Universal star.



THEIR CANDID OPINIONS



THEIR

By
**Jack
Holland**

Ann Sothorn, right, illustrates both sides of the question. Other stars who tell you what they think include, above, Victor McLaglen, Jon Hall, Olivia de Havilland, Cary Grant, Mary Astor, and Humphrey Bogart.



NOT so long ago, a cartoon appeared in which two girls in uniform were standing on the street looking into a store window. Slacks were on display. One of the girls, after staring longingly at the slacks, said, "I really ought to buy them. I can't afford to lose all of my femininity."

This was sufficient proof that the ladies of today are changing. When cartoonists go gaga over a problem, you can be pretty sure that that problem is a universal one.

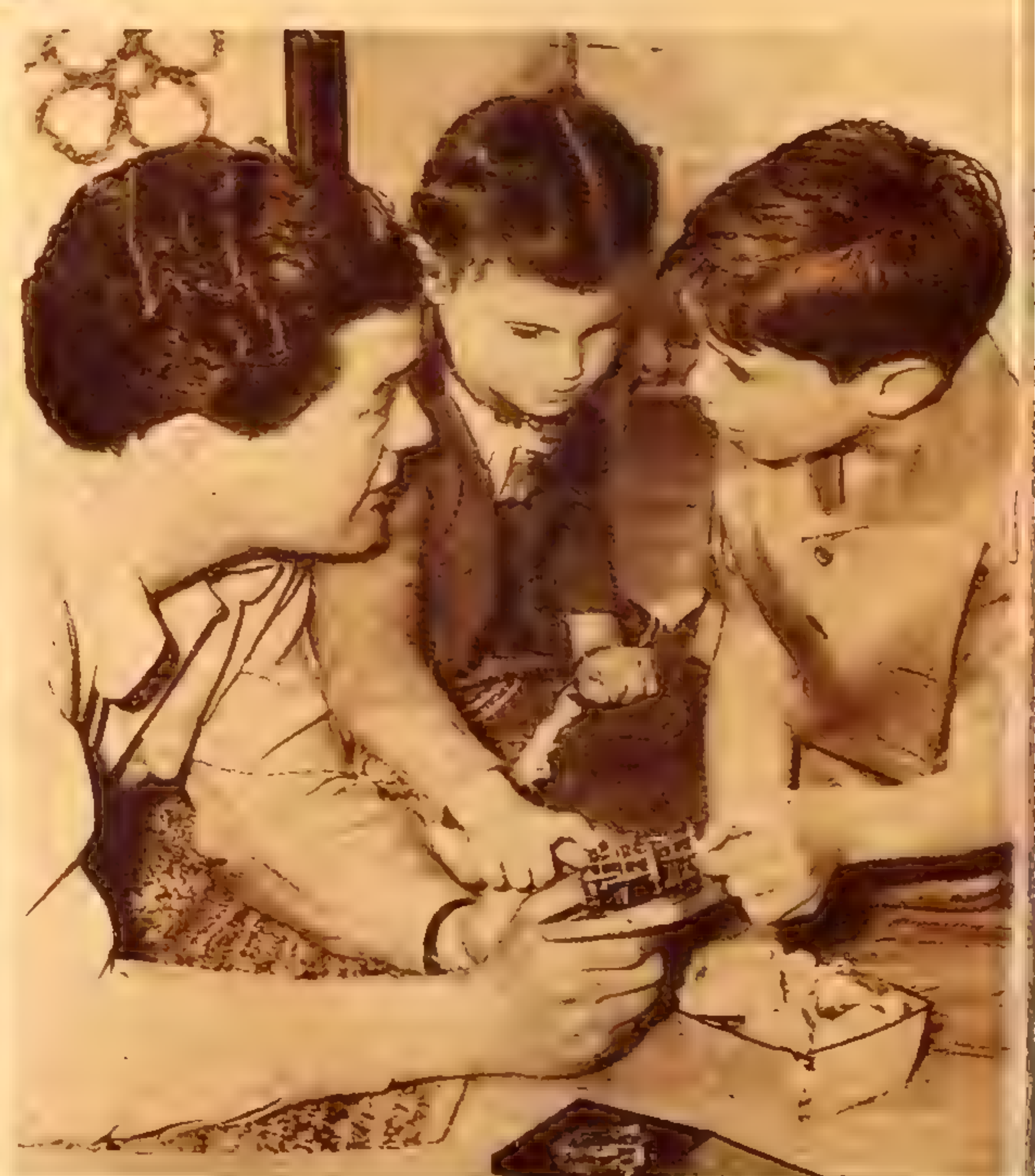
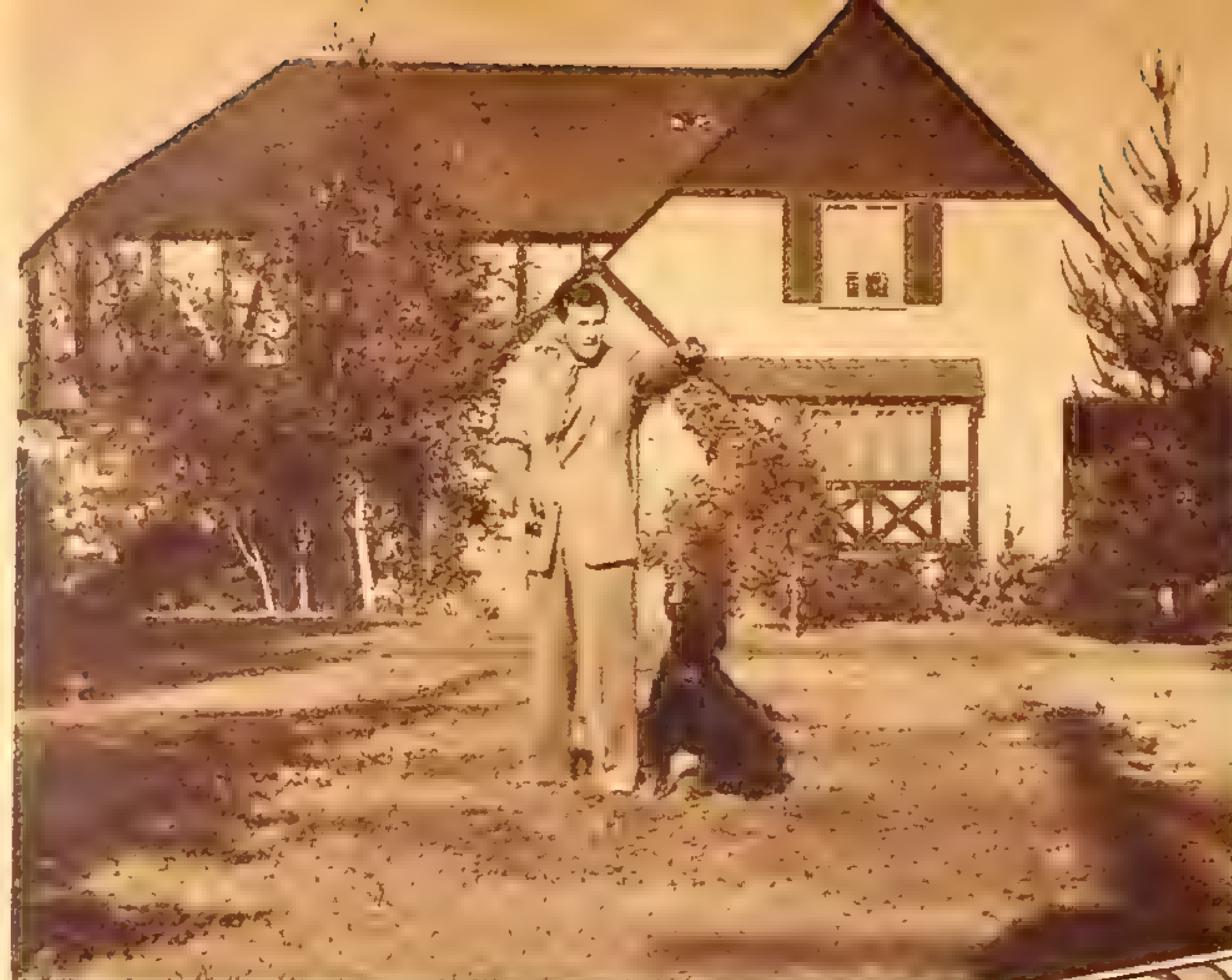
The situation is simply this: the good old days of femininity seem, on the surface, to have disappeared in the midst of slacks, overalls, and uniforms. So, has this war made women *really* lose their femininity? Have they lost their charms in their sincere efforts to help win this war? Or have they added to them? What *is* happening to the fair sex in its desire to become stronger?

I was having dinner with Cary Grant one night recently. We were talking about his new RKO picture, "Once Upon A Honeymoon," and also about his recent marriage to Barbara Hutton. (Incidentally, I've never seen Cary look happier. This marriage will last.) Know-

ing him to be one of the grandest and most sensible men in Hollywood—he's one star who thinks before he gives out a quote—I decided to ask him what he thought about femininity and war and uniforms.

"Do you think Florence Nightingale lost her femininity?" he remarked. "Don't you believe that, on the other hand, she added to it? Women today are really emphasizing their femininity when they throw themselves heart and soul into working for Victory. The job they do or clothes they wear have nothing to do with what's inside of them. Do you think Scottish Highlanders lose their masculinity by wearing kilts? I think the answer is pretty obvious. Women aren't any different today than they have been in the past in times of crisis. They have always done their part and they always will. And they have managed to remain alluring to men and to be charming as women."

Cary expects to go into one of the branches of the armed services—the Air Force, as it looks from here. When I asked him about this, he said, "You can just say that I'll go wherever Uncle Sam (*Please turn to page 70*)



LOOKING at Dennis Morgan on the screen he would be about the last person on earth you'd peg as the home-loving type. Mr. Morgan looks like the kind of chap to whom the breath of life would be night clubs and parties. Actually, few people in the film colony go out less than he and Lillian, his wife. Few fathers see as much of their children as Dennis. And few actors take the pride in their homes that Dennis does.

Sitting far back from the road, almost hidden from sight by the vines and roses that riot over an eight-foot wire fence, is the house of English type architecture.

"We had no intention of buying a home just yet," he

explained as we turned in the driveway, "but we were out riding one day about a year and a half ago and passed this place. It was for sale. We liked the looks of it and, more from curiosity than anything else, we priced it and found it was a steal. The house and grounds could be had for less than a similar undeveloped acreage in this locality would ordinarily cost. So we bought it. We already had most of the furniture and the whole thing stands us less than we would have paid in rent in three years. We were pretty lucky. Come on in, and I'll show you around."

The front door is a beautiful thing, with a hand-carved beam above it. The small reception hall is almost barren

A movie hero much admired by the ladies in the audience, Dennis Morgan doesn't act the part away from the studio. He's a home man, as these first, and exclusive photographs of his family life prove conclusively. Like many another American husband and father, Dennis is a devoted victim of his children's caprices, whether it's reading them bedtime stories (which only put Pop himself to sleep) or playing horse. These scoop photos are by Madison Lacy of Warner Bros., for whom Mr. Morgan is now appearing in his sixth picture this year, "The Desert Song."

By S. R. Mook



of furniture but the gay wallpaper with its hunting scenes and the hand-hooked rug on the floor give it a cheerful appearance. Turning to the left, one enters the living room. It is a large room—about eighteen by twenty-three. The thing I like best about it is that it isn't cluttered up with a lot of useless furniture and a hundred knick-knacks to act as dust-catchers. The rug is a sand-colored friezé on which the children can play to their hearts' content without the maid having to come right after them with a vacuum cleaner. The fireplace is unusual with the pickled (*Please turn to page 74*)

“There’s Something
about A
SOLDIER!”





A picture that needs no caption! A scene that is being enacted today all over these United States, as a soldier boy greets his girl. Jean Rogers and Van Johnson re-enact it for you in film, "The War Against Mrs. Hadley"

RUDY VALLEE'S

LOVE QUEST

By
May Mann

THIS may well be Rudy Vallee's last personal interview for the duration! In his entire career he has given only three actual interviews touching the romantic side of his life. He has been known in the past to break cameras on occasion when over-zealous and too-determined lensmen ignored his polite requests not to photograph him when he has been escorting a non-professional beauty. Rudy explained: "Why bring some nice, quiet girl who has never had publicity and whose family disapproves of it, into the limelight just because she is good enough to give me the privilege of taking her to dinner? The photo usually gets captioned, 'Engagement Expected'—and the girl, her family, and myself are embarrassed."

For this final interview Rudy was sitting in the big playroom of the palatial



For the first time, Rudy permitted his home to be photographed, just before his enlistment in the Coast Guard. These are exclusive pictures. Scene still center above shows him with Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea in "The Palm Beach Story."

home that he is giving up. It sits on a mountain top commanding gorgeous views of Hollywood and San Fernando Valley below. It was a warm day. Behind the bar he mixed a cooling soda. "This is the home I had always dreamed of owning," he said. As proof he turned to a book, "Vagabond Dreams Come True," an autobiography Rudy had authored twelve years ago. There on the last page of the last chapter he had written, "An article written about me said that my main ambition is to make a million dollars. But it is really much simpler than that. After having well provided for my mother and father, what could really give me great happiness is to possess a beautiful home in the country—homelike and comfortable."

"I couldn't resist this house," Rudy continued. "I never want to sell it, even though I will rent it or close it up when I go into the service. For after the war is over, I hope to find a wife to live here with me."

"Every man has an obsession about something. For some men the week is not complete unless they've indulged in sports—baseball, golf, swimming. For another man it is a business meeting, or a discussion. For many it is fishing, cards, pool, a drinking bout, or a gambling fest, or a smoker. While I enjoy some of these things, I find none of them absolute to my essential happiness. There is a painting called 'End of Day' which depicts a farmer going home with the setting sun. It's symbolic of what I want most from life. The idea conveyed in the painting is the reward that the farmer will find when he reaches his cottage—with all of its homely comforts, his children, and most important, his wife—the woman who is all interested in his account of the day—who loves him for what he is. That is what I strive for—companionship. The reward of all of my labors and hopes will be the comfort that I will receive from the company of the girl who brings happiness to me."

"Triumph can be empty when you have no one to share it with. Even little triumphs unimportant to anyone else but yourself and someone who (*Please turn to page 83*)

Rudy Vallee, now a chief petty officer in the United States Coast Guard, is also Coast Guard bandmaster. Since his enlistment, Rudy has composed a new set of lyrics for a marching song. Vallee has been given special permission to continue his weekly radio shows, turning his entire \$5000 salary over to the Coast Guard Welfare Committee

Rudy Vallee as he looked, at right, when receiving his orders from the Asst. Personnel Officer, Lieut. M. A. Sturges, Coast Guard. NBC Photo.



Vallee's pretentious home now has a "For Rent" sign. On the night of his enlistment he returned home for his personal belongings, met Mary McBride driving up to meet him. Vallee has evidently resumed his romance with the brunette Beverly Hills socialite. The couple, in company with her mother, spent Vallee's last week as a private citizen vacationing at Lake Arrowhead. They deny they are engaged, have frequent rifts. But always they seem to get together again.



“HUNK OF MAN’S” FINAL FLING!

Victor Mature, now a gob in the Coast Guard, dated Rita Hayworth, above, and finished love scenes with Lucille Ball for his final starring motion picture, “Seven Days’ Leave” (below) at his last Hollywood gestures for the duration.



No more "work" like this for Vic Mature! Instead of sharing scenes with new Latin charmer, Mapy Cortes, he'll be serving Uncle Sam





Marjorie's husband is in the Signal Corps, stationed in the East at present. So Marjorie, anchored in Hollywood by her movie contract, joins other screen starlets in cheering visiting service men.



FOR five years Marjorie Reynolds, an animated elf with a handshake like a wrestler, spent her working hours hanging over cliffs. She was the Garbo of *Gooseflesh*, the Bernhardt of *Boots-And-Saddles*, the Duse of *Derring-Do*.

No gal in Westerns was busier. The week never passed that she didn't thwart a curmudgeon a-foreclosing bent, frustrate a viper with designs on her honor or sever a length of hemp feloniously anchored to the Adam's Apple of one of Nature's Noblemen.

Today, instead of a cliff, she's hanging on a moonbeam. She has left the Tata-rump, Tata-rump, Tata-rump-tump-tump of the Six-Shooter Scherzos for the Send-Me-Down-Cy, I'm-Feeling-My-Rye of musicals. She is just now being witnessed by you-all in "Holiday Inn" as the female lead to Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby.

"Thrilled?" Marjorie sipped a double chocolate malted in the Paramount coffee shop, a beverage she stows by the gallon because she's underweight. "Who wouldn't be? Just getting the chance to know two swell human beings such as Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby is marvelous."

She said it just like that. No gushing, no tremolo stops, no deep inhalations bouncing off the diaphragm. Just a quiet pleasure in her surprisingly vibrant voice. Her

brown eyes looked out levelly from round, childish features. She has a repose in her face at times that is slightly on the beatific side.

"I've been in pictures for nineteen years," she says, whimsically watching a reporter's eyebrows disappear into his widow's peak. "I played in 'Scaramouche' with Ramon Novarro way back in 1923 and I also played with Constance Talmadge and Viola Dana."

She did, too. She even made a picture before "Scaramouche." Three months before. It was "Revelation" and she was just rising six, which makes her twenty-five years old now. You figured, by her looks, that she should be out playing jacks somewhere and then she told you she'd been married for five years.

"To the same husband, too," she announced, smiling proudly, as well she might, this being Hollywood.

She has wanted to be an actress as long as she can remember. Ever since she packed up her father, Dr. Harry Goodspeed, her mother and her two sisters, one eighteen years older, the other twenty, in Buhl, Idaho, when she was three, and removed them to Los Angeles. Her father says the hegira was made because Buhl was too salubrious for his practice, but she says it was to enable her to sneak up on the back door of Hollywood.

Blonde!

There is an unwritten law in Hollywood that being picked by Fred Astaire as his dancing partner, or Bing Crosby as his crooning ditto, is equivalent to being presented with a gold-embossed ticket to fame. Watch Marjorie Reynolds!



By Dennis Sprague

Immediately after the family settled in Los Angeles, she started dancing. She attended the Frank Egan classes and within three months was being featured in Egan recitals. This success may have been because of her dancing talent, but there is reason to believe it stemmed from her incredibly frail beauty. If ever a finite being could have been called a starbeam without producing indignation meetings in the solar system, the Goodspeed mite was it.

Before she was six, she had changed her name to Marjorie Moore and taken a fling at dramatic schooling. Marjorie Goodspeed was a good enough name for an Ella Wheeler Wilcox dream, or an A. A. Milne heroine, but not for success in the entertainment world. Followed almost immediately her part in "Revelation" she was a fay, or something (Please turn to page 82)

Dancing partner of Fred Astaire in "Holiday Inn," Marjorie's is no sudden spurt to success. She danced in the chorus line in many a musical, as well as playing opposite Western stars in forty Yip-pee pictures. Will she ride to fame on Astaire's flying coattails like Ginger Rogers, Rita Hayworth?





Dressed by Adrian, thus realizing every girl's dream, Mary started her tour with Hollywood's Radio City.



Mary met two visiting soldiers at the NBC broadcast and they walked her to the Brown Derby, her next stop.



At the Brown Derby, Mary ordered carefully, thinking of her figure—after all, she's in the movies now.

Washington Secretary Sees Hollywood!



She really wanted to "see" Hollywood as well as soak up some sun, so she sought highest hill.



Famous Hollywood Bowl, scene of outdoor concerts—and Mary ran up and down the empty seats for exercise.



Mary met an old school chum, Georgia Carroll, noted model now in movies, at Beverly Hills Sand and Pool Club.



Mary got a lift from none other than Jackie Cooper, who told her he'd read about her in the papers.



A thrifty shopper, Mary admired the sheer number shown by the salesgirl, then bought a pair of service weight.



At the most "glamorous" street intersection in the world, the corner of Hollywood and Vine Street, Mary buys a paper.

Mary Byrne, selected as Washington's most glamorous working girl (she is an OPA secretary in the Lead, Tin, and Zinc Division) won rôle in Samuel Goldwyn's "They Got Me Covered," with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour

When she finally got a day off from the studio to see the town, she picked her own spots and our cameraman trailed along. That old desk back in Washington isn't going to have much glamor after all this!



No tour of Hollywood could be complete without a stop-off at a drive-in for a long, cool drink.



Schwabs Drugstore is a Hollywood institution. There Mary met Cliff Edwards and bought copy of—yep!



But she's still just a working girl, so to market—famed Farmers' Market—to buy groceries for home-cooked dinner.



Before leaving Hollywood for the Army Air Corps, Gene Autry approved this exclusive interview, in which he talks straight from the shoulder to boys who have been fans of his "Westerns."

At left, Colonel Edward F. Shaifer administers the oath to Gene Autry, inducting him as technical sergeant in the Army Air Force during Gene's "Melody Ranch" broadcast from Columbia's Wrigley Bldg. studios in Chicago on July 26. The little boy in group photo below is Nathan Forrest Shaifer, son of the Colonel, watching very attentively as Gene Autry is finger-printed at the Army induction station in Chicago, prior to the actual induction.



CBS photos

★ GENE AUTRY'S ★ ADVICE

"EVERYBODY ought to think of winning the war ahead of anything else! This is the most serious time in our history and our country is in more peril than at any other time," said Gene Autry. We were lunching at Eaton's Rancho, not very far from the Republic lot, where Gene was making what is probably his last picture for the duration—"Bells of Capistrano."

[Gene was the first of the ten biggest box-office stars of the year to be accepted for the service. For in spite of premature announcements, Clark Gable was not actually inducted into the Army Air Force until some weeks after Gene had been called. Gene was just given time enough to make one last picture, and is now in uniform.]

"I think the he-men in the movies," he told me earnestly, "belong in the Army, Marines, Navy, or Air Corps. All of these he-men in the movies ought to realize right now is the time to get into the service. Every movie cowboy ought to devote time to the Army or to helping win

the war till the war is won, the same as any other American citizen.

"The Army needs every young man it can get in the Air Corps. And if I can set a good example for young men, I'll be mighty proud. Boys of 17 and 18 are needed—and some of those boys are my fans. I say to them and to all young men in America—every young man should give everything he can to the war effort. If we train young pilots now, and the war continues for a long stretch, those boys of 17 and 18 will be a protectorate over the whole country.

"I wanted to join the Air Corps rather than another branch of the service because I felt I could do more good for the war effort there than any other place, and also because I've always been interested in flying. For the past ten years I've been flying.

"I am going in as an enlisted man—as a non-commissioned man (a sergeant) to set an example for young-

By
Dora
Albert

Gene Autry is in uniform now! At right, CBS photo of the cowboy star who was the first of ten biggest box-office stars of the year to be accepted in Uncle Sam's service. Below, Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette and Virginia Grey in "The Cowboy and the Lady," Republic "Western" which may be Autry's final film for the duration of the war. Sergeant Gene Autry will continue to star in his "Melody Ranch" radio series over the Columbia Broadcasting System.



Photo at right, CBS



★ ★ ★ TO YOUTH IN WAR TIME

sters interested in the Air Corps. If I went in with a commission bestowed upon me because I'm supposed to be a popular movie star, it wouldn't look good to the youngsters. How could I ask them to do something I wasn't willing to do myself?"

Gene did not know at the time of our interview just what the Army Air Corps would ask him to do.

"Of course I'll do whatever the Air Corps tells me! If they want me to drop bombs, I'll drop bombs. If they want me to do instructing, I'll do instructing. If they figure I can do a bit of recruiting, I'll do that.

"If I can help influence the young men of America to get air-minded, I'll be happy. I want to do that, because I think the Air Corps needs every vigorous young American, not only as pilots and navigators and bombardiers and gunners in combat, but in the ground crews. I also think aviation is going to be a great industry after the war. This work we have to do in the war is like a clock

where every wheel has to turn." Gene looked briefly at the clock that ticked out the time relentlessly just a short distance from us. "It's like that clock over there. If every wheel didn't turn, the clock could not keep time. In this war, this all-out war, every man has to ask himself, 'Am I turning my wheel?'"

The idea of contributing directly to the war effort has been with Gene for a long time. On the day Pearl Harbor was attacked Gene didn't stop to formulate his ideas—but in his heart he knew that it was only a matter of time before he would try to contribute his part.

"I never thought of joining in the war till Japan attacked us," said Gene. "I was in England when England declared war against Germany, but that was different. It wasn't our country that had been attacked then. And though I felt a lot of sympathy for the English, I didn't realize then that their problem was our problem or was definitely going to be."

(Please turn to page 79)



BETWEEN SCENES . . .



Davis relaxed, had fun while on location making her latest movie. She scorns glamor in favor of comfort, prefers to paddle her own canoe. She's Hollywood's most spirited and independent star.



Bette at her best! Both in these exclusive candid and scene shots, and in her new picture, "Now, Voyager"



In "Now, Voyager," Davis plays an inhibited woman who finally casts off the shackles of convention. Love comes into her life in the handsome person of Paul Henreid, shown with star, top center—but as he is married, she must sublimate her love by caring for his little daughter (left). Ilka Chase, John Loder support the star, below. Center, with Charles Drake.

... AND BEFORE THE CAMERA





The Pied Piper

HOW A HANDFUL OF CHILDREN, GUIDED BY A CRUSTY BUT COURAGEOUS OLD ENGLI

A MAN could forget there was a war here. It was Spring and the trees were green and the river sparkled under the cool sunlight and the trout were biting. Yes, a man could forget there was a war and if he concentrated especially hard on the rod in his hand, he could almost forget Helgoland and that once he had a son.

But a man couldn't stand on that bank forever playing his line over the darkling water. And even though the woods in that French province near the Swiss border were so quiet that no one would have guessed there was fighting going on in the north, Howard couldn't escape from his thoughts any longer. Leaving England for his customary fishing in France hadn't helped at all. For the first time he felt the weight of his almost seventy years as he walked slowly back to the inn.

The children were there in the living room and Howard stiffened a little. He didn't mind Sheila so much. She was a pretty child with the sort of helpless appeal which Howard liked. It was the boy who had a way of getting his wind up. No respect to his elders at all, the old man thought crustily, argumentative and sure of himself. Too bad that a nice English couple like the Cavanaughs should have a boy like Ronnie.

Sheila was bending over a school book and pad, her small stub of a pencil clutched desperately between her teeth.

"Will you help me with my lesson, Mr. Howard?" she asked.

Howard looked at her warily. Sheila had a way of ensnaring him against his will. "Is that regarded as ethical?" he frowned.

"Oh, it's quite all right, Mr. Howard," Ronnie broke in casually. "Everybody knows she cheats."

Howard didn't even show he had heard. That boy really should be given a good dressing down. But Sheila didn't seem to mind his brashness at all.





**Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen**

"I have to name five states in the United States and the only one I can think of is Texas," she said plaintively.

"Texas, eh?" Howard brightened. Sheila's questions had a way of being more complicated than this. "Well, let's see, Texas, and—and—" an inspiration came—"there's California and Virginia and Florida and—why, of course! There's Rochester!"

"Rochester!" Ronnie repeated scornfully. "Rochester isn't a state."

"Mr. Howard says it's a state," Sheila said firmly, laboriously spelling it out on her pad.

"Rochester's a city," Ronnie insisted.

"It may very well be a city," Howard conceded testily. "I don't deny that. I only contend that it is also a state. A state somewhat north, a bit to the northeast of the New England colony."

"But it's not, Mr. Howard," Ronnie pointed out patiently. "It's just a city in the state of New York, that's all."

Howard began to feel more and more that acute discomfort he always felt with children. It wasn't that he disliked them. He didn't. But now, as always, it seemed to him they had got him in a jam. He really hadn't ever thought much about Rochester and he felt almost panicky as he wondered if maybe he were wrong and Ronnie were right. He felt uneasy and unsure of himself as he always did when he got mixed up with children.

(Please turn to page 85)

TLEMAN, OUTWITTED NAZI TERRORISM



*Copyright
1942 by
Twentieth
Century-
Fox Film
Corp. Com-
plete cast
and credits
on Page 86.*



Monte Woolley tops even his previous film triumph in "The Man Who Came to Dinner" in his current title rôle of "The Pied Piper," aided by Anne Baxter and an excellent cast in Nunnally Johnson's screen version of Nevil Shute's best-seller.

Garland gets a new boy friend in her new film, "For Me and My Gal"—Gene Kelly, brilliant dancing actor from Broadway stage

JUDY and GENE





Advice To Wives from *Rosalind Russell* (As told to Maude Cheatham)

Rosalind warns you women of—but you'd better read her story. Below, with real-life husband, Freddie Brisson. Bottom of page, triangular situation with Miss Russell, Brian Aherne and Janet Blair from "My Sister Eileen."

WALKING across the studio set to her dressing room, Rosalind Russell and I were still laughing over a comedy scene she and Janet Blair had just completed for her new Columbia picture, "My Sister Eileen." As we settled ourselves for a talk, I said, "Let's do a story on—'Advice to Bachelor Girls.'"

Instantly, Rosalind blew up. With eyes flashing fire, she exclaimed, "Not that! I've been boosting such feminine bliss for years, but today, I don't think so well of it."

Now, I knew she avoided talking about the romance and marriage that makes her the happy Mrs. Freddie Brisson, but I took the plunge and suggested we progress to—"Wifely Advice." She agreed, though she hastily added, "Not that I intend making rules, not at all. It is just that I like to talk about marriage. I always knew," she went on, "that a career could not fill my life and that sometime I wanted to marry, but I had set a pretty high standard for my marriage and had to wait for the right kind of love to come along to make it possible. In the meantime, I thought I was a lucky girl. I enjoyed my bachelor status; I had my career, a home of my own, and a delicious sense of freedom. I didn't know what I was missing for I had yet to learn that independence such as mine was merely an escape. We all need someone to share our interests, to laugh with us, and to weep with us."



"Someone once said, 'Don't be afraid you will die, be afraid you won't live to the fullest!' I think of this story every time I recall the complacency of my bachelor days."

Then Rosalind, ablaze with patriotism, burst forth, "It is very wonderful to be a woman today, and especially, a wife—never has she played so important a rôle. This war gives her a tremendous responsibility and she realizes that all her previous *living* is merely preparation for sharing in the world (*Please turn to page 76*)"

THREE'S A CROWD, BUT TWO IS GOOD COMPANY





Photograph by Welbourne, Warner Bros., for whom Miss Sheridan will next appear in "George Washington Slept Here."

A LOVELY GIRL YOU KNOW!

For all her dazzling beauty, Ann Sheridan is still as friendly as the girl-next-door. She is the typically American, humorous, down-to-earth gal that a fellow wouldn't be afraid to ask for an autograph—or even a kiss. (But watch out for Mr. Brent, boys!)

A BEAUTY YOU'D BETTER MEET!

Just as dazzling but infinitely more mysterious is this newcomer, Madeleine LeBeau. Here is a smouldering siren who must be admired from afar, like a beautiful statue or a painting or any work of art — at least until, like Galatea, she begins to show signs of life. Seen in "Casablanca"

Photograph by Welbourne, Warner Bros.



THE LADY
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AS LYNN

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"MRS. MINIVER'S" SON MAKES GOOD!

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G-M's "The
r Against
s. Hadley."





Pity Poor
Mary Martin!
What Chance
Has a Mere
Dream Girl
Against That
Frenzied Hep-Chick,
Bouncin' Betty Hutton?





Pride and terror of the Paramount lot, Betty Hutton is not called "the Incendiary Blonde" for nuttin'. To this jumping jitterbug nothing is sacred, not even the graceful gyrations of dainty Mary Martin, who is supposedly the heroine of "Happy Go Lucky" but will live up to the latter part of the picture's title if she manages to hold her own against the Hutton blast of charm and comedy. It's only Betty's third screen appearance, and already she is being hailed as "the female Chaplin"—by Betty Hutton!

Here Are the Sweetest Two of the

Frances Rafferty's fresh Irish beauty stands out startlingly in Joe Pasternak's first M-G-M movie, "Seven Sweethearts."



Seven Sweethearts"

Bright particular star of the Pasternak musical romance is Kathryn Grayson of the coloratura voice, piquant charm.



Lively Little Latin!

Meet Mapy Cortes, sizzling star from Latin America, a stage, screen, and radio hit wherever Spanish is spoken. She makes her Hollywood motion picture debut in "Seven Days' Leave"



RKO





SHE FOOLED HOLLYWOOD!

Heroine of a double hoax, Burnu Acquanea is now the talk if not the toast of movie town. First she said she was a South American. Then after landing a job in "Arabian Nights," admitted she was an Arapaho Indian. Finally it was revealed that Acquanea (real name Mildred Davenport) was born in South Carolina and went to school in Morristown, Pennsylvania. Her mother is part Indian, her father English. But Burnu is still one of the prettiest girls ever to hit the movie colony.



Walter Wanger
Universal

The "Yankee Dood In Her New, "Young

Since you movie audiences have been seeing Joan Leslie opposite Jimmy Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" you have adopted her as the nation's favorite "little sister." Her wholesome sweetness is representative of the finest 'teen-age type. So you'll be interested in the new costumes designed especially for her and other conservative girls like her. At left, Joan is wearing the soft, snowy white Wallaby coat, beloved of the college girl.



Photographs by Welbourne,
Warner Bros.



Conforming to the restrictions of L-85, the black broadcloth suit worn by Joan Leslie above has the new shorter jacket, a pencil-slim skirt. A narrow band of black, white and gold braid marks the rounded set-in pocket, and the closing. Loops of black velvet ribbon trim her pompadour hat. At left, wearable one-piece dress of grey men's wear in a herringbone design with narrow white piping used at yoke. Created for Joan by Orry-Kelly.



"Dandy" Girl Poses Smart Fall Clothes

Pre-view, at right, of a new two-piece suit designed for Joan by Orry-Kelly to wear in "The Hard Way," a brand new motion picture which will not be released for several months. The gored skirt of chocolate brown is topped with a jacket of soft beige, with double rows of machine stitching used to give the effect of patch pockets. Joan's sailor hat, of the jacket fabric, has a shirred brim and a brown band. Two gold leaf pins trim the jacket.



Chocolate brown, says Orry-Kelly, is an important color this fall. Of slithery satin, the dinner gown worn by Joan above has a high-waisted skirt cut to a point in front, with loops of brown, gold and green striped ribbon trimming the shoulders. At right, for those grown-up-lady moods, Joan chooses this black and white checked dress. The set-in sleeves bell slightly from shoulders. White bengaline bands neckline. A tricorne tops it all.



Kay Aldridge is one of first girl cliff-hanger heroines since Pearl White! She's battling her way through Republic's 15-episode serial, "Perils of Nyoka"



In trimly tailored shorts and form-fitting jacket, lovely Nyoka rides to the rescue. Even though the serial's background is the Arabian desert, and Kay plays an archeologist's daughter lost on an expedition, there's no desert law that forbids her to look glamorous.



Mysterious menace called *tan*, above, gives Nyoka a lot of trouble now and then—our little heroine never flinches. Well, not much anyway. So better watch out or he'll send you to Ringling's Circus where he'd have to pick on some one his own size—like Gargantua.

Though brave and beautiful, Nyoka can't always win. Villainy gets her down—but hero Clayton Moore helps her up again.

BEAUTY IN DISTRESS!

(WOO-WOO!)

Girls will be girls. Nyoka seems to be at the mercy of *Yu* (Lorna Gray) but don't look that trusty old dog.





MARTHA AND FIANCE
on campus of Clemson
College, S. C., last spring
before Niles became an
Aviation Cadet, and she
went into training for her
mobile laboratory work.
She's just as sweet and
feminine looking now in
her crisp lab uniform, so
flattering to her soft-
smooth Pond's complexion.

GUARDING HEALTH OF BOYS AT ARMY CAMPS
while her fiancé flies for Uncle Sam . . . Martha is at
Fort McPherson now in the Field Laboratory of the
Fourth Service Command.



MARTHA'S RING is
unusually beautiful—
a 2-carat diamond in a
simple platinum band.

She's **ENGAGED!**

MARTHA GAFFNEY'S engagement to Henry
Niles Nelson, Jr., unites two fine Southern fam-
ilies. She is great, great, great grand-daughter
of the eminent statesman, John C. Calhoun.

MARTHA'S HEART is with her aviator
fiancé—but her skilled hands and highly
trained mind are given to her important
war job with the Fourth Service Com-
mand's mobile laboratory.

"We work like mad," she told us. "We
do blood and disease tests regularly, of
course—and test just about everything in
sight as well—water, milk, ice cream—any-
thing that might contain harmful bacteria
and cause illness among the boys at the
camps."

Martha has a particularly lovely com-
plexion—creamy smooth and white. She

says: "My lab work makes me a stickler for
cleanliness. That's why I'm so fond of Pond's
Cold Cream. It *cleanses* so thoroughly—
and leaves my skin feeling *soft* and *dewy*."

Use Pond's Martha's way, *you'll* love it,
too. First—pat Pond's Cold Cream on your
face and throat—gently, quickly. Tissue it
off well. See how it softens and releases
dirt and old make-up. "Rinse" now with a
second lovely Pond's creaming. Tissue off.

Do this *every* night—for daytime clean-
ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society
women like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., use Pond's—why
more women and girls use it than any
other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes
—you get even *more* for your money. Popu-
lar in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

*Yes—it's no accident so many lovely en-
gaged girls use Pond's!*



She's *Lovely!* She uses *Pond's!*

RECENT FILMS REVIEWED IN A FLASH

MRS. MINIVER—*M-G-M.* Jan Struther's book about the British wife and mother who could "take it" has been made into a great motion picture. It's a masterful message of courage and a fundamental lesson in fortitude. Greer Garson rises to heights in a poignant performance. Walter Pidgeon, splendid as the husband.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES—*Sam Goldwyn-U.A.* This splendid screen tribute to a fine American has deep emotional appeal, stressing the private life of the Lou Gehrigs rather than the excitement of his public career, but the most rabid baseball fan will enjoy it. Gary Cooper gives a great performance as Gehrig. Teresa Wright, as Mrs. Gehrig, and Babe Ruth, as himself, also excellent. The great American sport glorified.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS—*RKO.* Orson Welles has made a fascinating film from Booth Tarkington's novel about the disintegrating family whose spoiled young heir wrecks his mother's romance. Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Tim Holt score.

HOLIDAY INN—*Paramount.* This Bing Crosby-Fred Astaire musical romance is swell escape from the doldrums. It is a grand show with new Irving Berlin tunes and inimitable performances by co-stars and cast. Crosby plays a crooner who converts his farmhouse into an inn open only on holidays. Marjorie Reynolds sings and dances charmingly.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—*Warners.* This story of George M. Cohan's life is a great screen show. A triumph for Jimmy Cagney, perfectly cast as the showman, coloring a clever rôle with his own inimitable zest and humor. All-American entertainment to stir you to tears and excite you to cheers. Walter Huston, Joan Leslie, Jeanne Cagney, Rosemary DeCamp, Irene Manning, Richard Whorf in cast.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN—*Columbia.* A smart, sparkling comedy—not the usual silly slapstick stuff, with first-rate performances by its starring trio. Jean Arthur is seen as the girl who hides Cary Grant, a young man who escapes after he's convicted on an arson charge, and Ronald Colman as the law school professor who proves Cary innocent. Exciting. See it.

TALES OF MANHATTAN—*20th Century-Fox.* Tricky, but terrific. The tale of a top coat told in a series of short, punchy episodes with some of Hollywood's brightest stars—Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton and Edward G. Robinson—at their best.

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR—*Paramount.* Don't miss this! It's the gayest, most original comedy in months, with Ginger Rogers giving a grand performance as a wise gal who crashes a military academy disguised as a 'teenager' and creates a sensation among cadets, not to mention the *Major*, Ray Milland.

BAMBI—*Disney-RKO.* Young and old will love, laugh, and cry over Bambi, the deer, Walt Disney's latest cartoon character creation, in this beautiful full-length picture filmed from Felix Salten's famous story of animal life and love in the forest.

ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?—*Paramount.* Based on the book, "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat," this foolish but very funny little comedy can't help but entertain you. It relates the wacky marital mix-ups of a giddy couple, played, fortunately, by Ray Milland and Betty Field. Patricia Morison and Eugene Pallette help the fun along.

EAGLE SQUADRON—*Wanger-Universal.* This timely drama, dedicated to those gallant men who have helped make recent history, will hold your interest in spite of disjointed plot and ineffective characterizations. Has exciting actual scenes of aerial combat. Cast has Diana Barrymore, Robert Stack, John Loder, Jon Hall, Leif Erikson.

THIS ABOVE ALL—*20th Century-Fox.* Here is a picture to tear your emotions to shreds. It's the film version of Eric Knight's best-selling novel about England in this war. Joan Fontaine gives a beautiful performance as the girl who joins the W.A.A.F. and falls in love with a Handsome Stranger, played by Tyrone Power.

CROSSROADS—*M-G-M.* William Powell, after playing comedy parts for a long time, has a straight dramatic rôle and gives a suave performance as a French career diplomat who suf-

fers amnesia and is accused of being a petty criminal. Hedy Lamarr, stunning as the wife, does a nice acting job, too.

THIS GUN FOR HIRE—*Paramount.* Lusty melodrama about a ruthless killer and how he atones by catching up with fifth columnists. Plenty of excitement. Its fast and furious action will have you on the edge of your seat. Veronica Lake does her best acting so far, but newcomer Alan Ladd steals the show. Don't miss it.

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI—*20th Century-Fox.* Why the Marines have commanded the respect of the world, their training, responsibilities, recreation, and the high ideals of the Marine Corps are rousing presented. Swell and exciting entertainment. John Payne, as the cocky private, Randolph Scott, as the sergeant, Maureen O'Hara, as the nurse, all excellent.

DESPERATE JOURNEY—*Warners.* The adventures of five RAF flyers, who escape when they are shot down over Germany, are recorded in this exciting film. The cocky, amusing way the boys (Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Arthur Kennedy, Alan Hale, Ronald Sinclair) mow down the Nazis is great stuff. Kids (and a lot of grown-ups, too) will cheer them. All fine performances.

MY GAL SAL—*20th Century-Fox.* This picture, based on the career of the late Paul Dresser, ballad-writer, is an enchanting escape from today's troubles. Rita Hayworth, its star, gorgeously costumed as a Gay Nineties belle, is a vision in color; Victor Mature, good as the song-writing hero. The star-studded cast also has Carole Landis, John Sutton, James Gleason, Walter Catlett, Mona Maris.

REAP THE WILD WIND—*Paramount.* Spectacular, thrilling Cecil B. DeMille melodrama. It has adventure, romance, and a lot of American history of a century ago when pirate wreckers ruled the Florida keys. Never a let-up in the breathless action and the love scenes are exciting. Paulette Goddard gives a fiery performance. John Wayne, Ray Milland, excellent as her two suitors.

MY FAVORITE BLONDE—*Paramount.* This combination of Bob Hope better than ever and beautiful Madeleine Carroll will appeal to everybody. The plot involves Hope in a ring of Nazi spies with a gorgeous blonde British agent against a background of crazy and screamingly funny misadventures. Has suspense, too.

TORTILLA FLAT—*M-G-M.* John Steinbeck's human and moving account of the vagabonds of Monterey, California. You must see the picture, for it is a cinema masterpiece. Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, Frank Morgan, excellent in their rôles; Hedy Lamarr, a fiery human being as the girl in the story.

IN THIS OUR LIFE—*Warners.* The story of two sisters and the havoc wrought when the bad one steals her sister's husband, has Bette Davis at her most menacing and neurotic. Bette does a good job of making you loathe the bad sister, with Olivia de Havilland in the sympathetic rôle. George Brent, Dennis Morgan, the leading men.

WINGS AND THE WOMAN—*RKO-Radio.* This biographical film, portraying the life of Amy Johnson, is a cavalcade of aviation from 1931 to January, 1941, when the noted flyer lost her life while ferrying bombers to the front. It shows what women are doing in the air to help win the war. Anna Neagle is excellent as Amy and Robert Newton is seen as Jim Mollison, her husband.

THE GOLD RUSH—*United Artists.* Charlie Chaplin's film of "the little fellow" who goes prospecting and his comic misadventures. Everyone, young or old, who enjoys a good hearty laugh and those kids who have never seen Charlie, will want to see it.

SABOTEUR—*Universal.* Latest Alfred Hitchcock production. Bob Cummings, exciting as the defense-plant worker who has to clear himself of a sabotage charge; Priscilla Lane, charming as the girl who helps him run the saboteurs to ground; Otto Kruger, fine as a suavely sinister spy. Fun and thrills.

THE GAY SISTERS—*Warners.* The story of three sisters (Barbara Stanwyck, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Nancy Coleman) fighting for their inheritance. Plot has unusual twists and turns which even the smart guessers won't anticipate, and which atone for the tedium of some scenes.

Girls are excellent; but Gig Young, a newcomer, strolls away with the picture.

LADY IN A JAM—*Universal.* Irene Dunne, as the wacky heiress who squanders a fortune, again proves what a fine comedienne she is. Its many chuckles, with some good hearty laughs and not-too-deep plot, make this picture a real gloom chaser. Patric Knowles and Ralph Bellamy are in the cast.

TAKE A LETTER DARLING—*Paramount.* This comedy romance which is gay and fastpaced reverses the order of male boss-attractive girl secretary, with Rosalind Russell playing the big business executive who hires Fred MacMurray as her secretary. Sparkling dialogue and clever situations make it good entertainment.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—*Warners.* Exciting, thrilling spy drama. Humphrey Bogart does a fine piece of acting as an Army officer who is dismissed from service so he may work for the Army Secret Service and heroically foils the enemy's plans. Mary Astor, good as the girl.

KIPLING'S JUNGLE BOOK—*Korda-U. A.* For children of every age. Rudyard Kipling's fantasy, the story of *Mowgli*, the Indian boy who wandered into the jungle to be reared by the wolves, filmed in brilliant Technicolor. As *Mowgli*, Sabu's sincerity shines through his work and makes it refreshing entertainment.

PRIORITIES ON PARADE—*Paramount.* A cheerful musical extolling the woman worker in defense plants. A group of unemployed musicians get jobs in an aircraft factory and become the Swing Shift Band. Johnnie Johnston, the band leader, and Betty Rhodes are the romancers; gorgeous Ann Miller is the other girl. Ann does a trick blackout tap dance routine. Comedy by Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna.

MOONTIDE—*20th Century-Fox.* If you saw Gabin's French movies, or if you're curious to see the Gallic panic for the first time, you'd better catch this. Gabin's great magnetism dominates this dull story about a hard-drinking dockhand who is reformed by the waif he rescues. Ida Lupino, fine as the waif.

THE GREAT MAN'S LADY—*Paramount.* Sentimental saga of the Early West. The story of *Ethan Hoyt*, founder of Hoyt City. Flashback method of telling the tale shows it up a bit, but splendid performances by Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea make it worth your while.

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—*M-G-M.* MacDonald-Eddy fans will like this gay musical fantasy about a Budapest playboy who dreams he marries an angel. Jeanette and Eddy render lilting Rogers and Hart tunes in excellent voice.

HER CARDBOARD LOVER—*M-G-M.* A dated farce which isn't the sophisticated type of filmfare it is meant to be. There isn't much that can be said in its favor, except that Norma Shearer wears stunning clothes and that it has a good fight between George Sanders and Robert Taylor. Norma hires Bob as her secretary to keep Sanders away and then falls in love with him.

BROADWAY—*Universal.* Melodrama of the roaring '20's which follows the life of George Raft, with George, as himself, telling about the old days and how he became a Broadway hooper. Janet Blair, talented newcomer, good as his partner. Has old favorite tunes and well-done dance routines.

RINGS ON HER FINGERS—*20th Century-Fox.* Trite, romantic comedy with Gene Tierney playing a shop-girl who is transformed into an attractive lure to help fleece wealthy men. Henry Fonda is one of her victims, but love sets in. Has some spicy dialogue, and Gene is positively disturbing in some of the bathing suit scenes.

MAISIE GETS HER MAN—*M-G-M.* Red Skelton is *Maisie's* (Ann Sothern) man in the latest of this popular comedy series in which Ann plays a show girl who teams up with Red, amateur vaudevillian, who gets stage-fright on opening night. That scene alone is worth your time and money, but the rest is corny comedy.

HI, NEIGHBOR—*Republic.* An amusing comedy about a college converted into a country club to give students summer work, featuring Jean Parker, John Archer, and such popular radio stars as Lulubelle and Scotty, the Smoky Mountain Boys and Girls and Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague). It's light-hearted—nothing serious. Just a fun-filled musical jamboree.

TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE—*M-G-M.* Tarzan's latest adventures take him to the big city. In addition to the jungle animals and the usual swinging from treetops, Tarzan thrills you with leaps from skyscrapers and does a Steve Brodie off Brooklyn Bridge. Too fantastic for grown-ups, but good kid stuff.

ONE THRILLING NIGHT—*Monogram.* A comedy about hick newlyweds that's good for many laughs. Their one-night honeymoon (groom reports to Army in A. M.) is spent in a New York hotel where their room changes from a bridal suite to a Grand Central Terminal after they find a body in the bed, and the groom is abducted. John Beal, fine as the yokel groom and Wanda McKay, cute as the bride.



*Keep 'em
pretty*

Dura-Gloss Nail Polish keeps nails pretty. Its bright gay sparkle keeps your spirits high when he's far away—and you're busy with extra work and overtime duties. Make it a point to "do" your nails—relax while you give yourself a Dura-Gloss manicure. Its special ingredient, Chrystallyne, makes it an exceptional nail polish that stays on your nails through thick and thin. So get Dura-Gloss now—its price of 10¢ is a big help.

See these handsome
Dura-Gloss colors—

Blackberry
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Cuticle Lotion Polish Remover Dura-Coat

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10¢
PLUS
TAX

© 1942, Lorr Laboratories
Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

THIS is our favorite story of the month. When George Brent took that hurried trip to Washington, Lieutenant Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman took Ann Sheridan out for dinner. Before dining, Jane had to appear in front of the Warner Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard and sell Victory Bonds. Annie and Ronnie told her they'd wait for her in the drug store nearby. In less than it takes to tell, hundreds of fans swarmed in. Ann and Ronnie were up to there in autograph books. Suddenly, Ronnie heard a voice whispering in his ear, "Your wife is just down the street!" When they told Jane the story, the three of them laughed so hard, everyone stared.

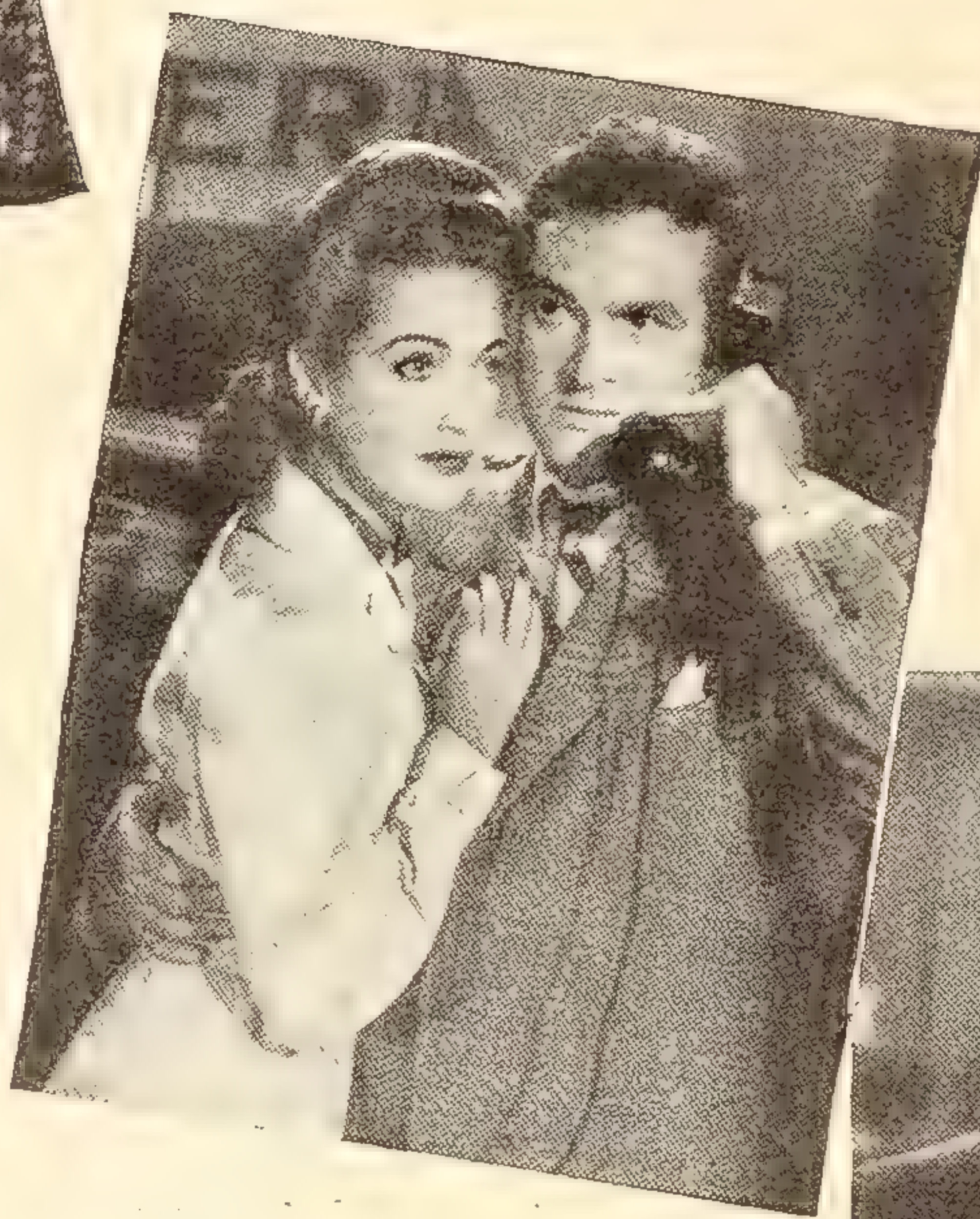
LANA TURNER and Steve Crane returned from a belated honeymoon in Del Mar, only to find Hollywood rife with rumors. Lana learned that she and Steve were supposed to be feuding furiously. That she was supposed to have married him in spite. That she didn't love him at all. Lana's denials were indignant. Ordinarily Hollywood would give her a break. But Lana has a way of denying things that usually come to pass. Wasn't she the one who definitely said that marriage was out for her, just a few days before her elopement?

JOAN CRAWFORD'S Phil Terry couldn't be more devoted. He visits her on the set daily, waits around to take her home. The day we saw them, both Joan and Phil were having a manicure in her set dressing room. The girl had to wait around and catch Joan between shots. Nice job for the manicurist who was sent out from Hollywood to Culver City. Getting paid by the hour, the little trip and two manicures netted her around fifteen dollars. No wonder they all want to work for Joan.

By
Weston
East



Judy Garland, right, as she appears in "For Me and My Gal," lively new movie about the old vaudeville days and its people. Right, center, news reporters Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope phone in the biggest scoop of their reportorial careers in this scene from "They Got Me Covered," hilarious comedy with a Washington background.



Right, Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers in scene from "Once Upon A Honeymoon," in which they star as newspaperman and a dancer caught in turmoil of the European blitzkrieg.

SOMEONE gave little Freddy Astaire a rubber dagger. As a joke he'd jab his famous daddy, who pretended to be hurt. It was all part of a game they played. One day Fred was deeply engrossed in a book. "I'm going to stab you, daddy," said little Freddy. "Uh huh," grunted big Fred, too interested to look up. Then, just in time, he did. Instead of the rubber dagger, little Freddy had gotten hold of the gardener's steel weed knife. Father and son are now playing a new game.

TODAY he is listed as Private Tyrone Power in the Volunteer Marine Corps. Cesar Romero will follow in Ty's footsteps as soon as he can get his family affairs in order. With Henry Fonda already gone from the 20th Century lot, their leading man situation is really serious. It's war, and serious war. Hollywood producers, with millions at stake, are taking it without a murmur.

JEFFREY LYNN is back in Hollywood, but only for a month. He's to appear in a short sponsored by the government. Maybe you think Jeff wasn't surprised when he learned his old girl friend, Maggie Hayes, was divorcing Leif Erikson. Moving around from camp to camp, it was only recently that Jeff learned Maggie had married. When he went away to war, Jeff sold his station wagon to Maggie. She's letting him use it during his Hollywood sojourn.

THE great part Hollywood is playing in the war effort is further exemplified in the case of Clark Gable. Ever since the famous star shaved off his mustache (anyone less than a first lieutenant can't sport one) and joined the Army Air Force, thousands of letters have poured in. The majority are from boys who are eager to join up, because of the wonderful example set by Clark. They all know he could have remained in Hollywood and made pictures, as the government suggested. All of which goes to prove that heroes are born, not made. Even movie heroes.

WHEN the Hunk o' Man gave his girl friend a hunk o' precious stone to wear on the right (not left) hand, Rita Hayworth couldn't have been more thrilled. But when everyone asked her what kind of a stone it was, she couldn't have looked more bewildered. Of course she soon found out. Victor had selected a hundred-karat peridot. It's chartreuse green, set in gold, with rubies and diamonds on each side.



HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

DON'T LET INHALING WORRY YOU

**ALL SMOKERS SOMETIMES
INHALE—BUT YOUR THROAT
NEEDN'T WORRY!**

There's a cigarette that is proved better for you . . . even when you do inhale!

Read these facts reported by eminent doctors who compared the leading popular brands . . . that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

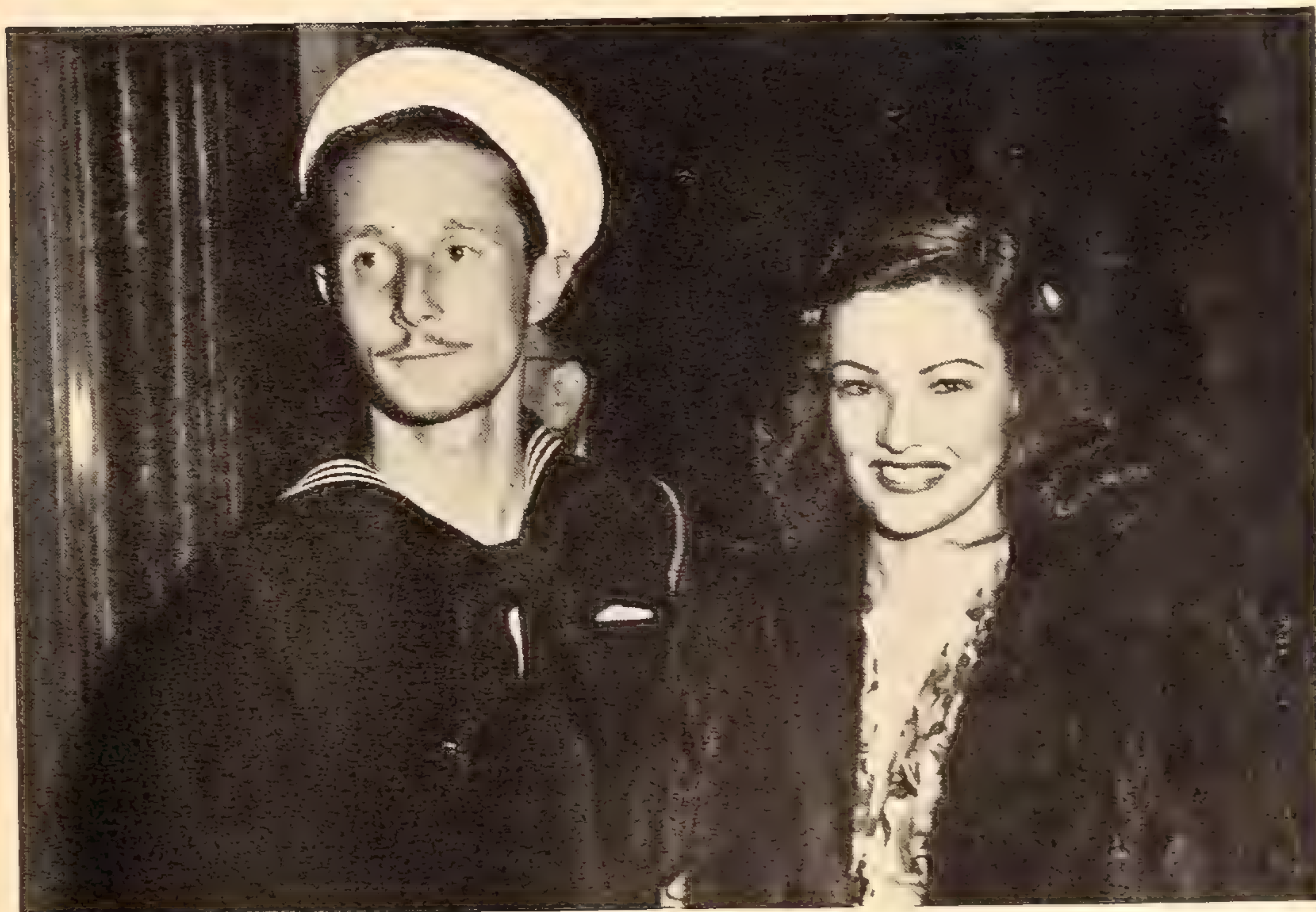
Real protection—added to your enjoyment of PHILIP MORRIS' finer tobaccos. No worry about throat irritation even when you inhale!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS **AMERICA'S
FINEST
CIGARETTE!**

The smile on Gene Tierney's face, right, is enough to show how proud she is of her hubby, Oleg Cassini, who joined the Coast Guard immediately after becoming an American citizen. Gene will next appear in "Thunderbirds," followed by "China Girl."

Once over lightly: Hail the Lombardiers! A special squadron of Navy air cadets will be named in tribute to Carole. Announcement came from the Governor of Indianapolis. . . . It's a fight to the finish with Mischa Auer. Papers have been filed on his former wife. The laconic Russian wants custody of their two children. . . . Farewell to director James Cruze and Sidney Bracey. Hollywood will miss the famous silent director and the equally-famous movie butler. . . . It's a marriage for Gale Page and Count de Solis. The former 4th of the "Four Daughters" series is very happy. . . . It's a separation for Lynn Bari and agent Walter Kane. Lynn couldn't be more miserable. . . . Bombardier Pilot is Jimmy Stewart's newest title. Wayne Morris won his wings at Pensacola. Lieutenant junior grade is his rating. Keep them flying, boys! . . . Another little Baer arrived. It's a seven and one-half pound baby boy for Mr. and Mrs. Max. . . . Lieut. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Hollywood's newest Commando, sending London greetings to his many friends. . . . Ramon Novarro, citizen of Mexico, receiving official permission to enlist in United States Army and still retain Mexican citizenship. Permission is first of its kind ever given. . . . She's a cute little minx and her name is now legally Jinx. The last name is Falkenburg—but it won't be long now! Soon she'll change it to Mrs. Tex McCrary. He's the newspaper man and newsreel commentator who was once married to the daughter of the late Arthur Brisbane.



IT'S ironic that Philips Holmes should have scored his greatest success in a picture called "The American Tragedy." From the moment certain circumstances kept Phil and Florence Rice from becoming man and wife, tragedy seemed to dog his footsteps. Those two were so in love at one time. Disappointment and bitterness sent Phil to Europe to forget. Though he married years later, he never resumed his Hollywood career. His crashing to his death in the Royal Canadian Air Force is a great loss to his many friends. Hollywood will long remember him for his gentleness. The story of Phil Holmes is an American tragedy.

IT WAS a much different Brenda Marshall who returned to Hollywood, after five weeks in New York with Bill Holden. When she left Brenda was miserable. Not only did she get to see a lot of Bill, but they were able to come back to Hollywood on the train together. Bill was sent out for a month to make a government short. The Holdens are really so much in love. They celebrated their first wedding anniversary in New York. Bill's cigarette case to Brenda was inscribed, "To Ardis on the first of a long line of anniversaries." The case features a baked enamel service flag, the one tiny gold star set with a tiny star sapphire.

"Follow Me"

(SUIVEZ MOI)



You lead the conga line at USO dances. You organize bond drives, scrap drives, charity drives. Your whole set follows your lead! Your perfume is, obviously, Varva's "Follow Me" ...the fragrance that beckons, leads, lasts!

Parfum, \$1 to 15. Eau de Toilette, \$1 to 4.50

Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, \$1

Bath Powder, \$1

Bubble Foam, \$1



"Follow Me" by
VARVA
THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS



Jack Benny, believing himself an expert on "aunts" (since he made "Charley's Aunt") and feminine hairdos, visits Bob Hope on the set of "Road to Morocco," latest and wackiest of the well-known "Road" series, to help Bob make with the curls, but Bob looks skeptical. See picture on opposite page for more fun

BY THE time you read this, George Brent may be an active member of the Coast Guard. Originally, George studied day and night for an Army commission. Getting impatient waiting for his official acceptance, George began thinking about the Air Corps. His wife Ann Sheridan was *that* relieved when he changed his mind. Years ago George flew his own plane. Overnight he suddenly developed a fear of flying. The plane was sold and the new owner crashed to his death the first time he took it up. Recently George made a hurried trip to Washington. Broken hand or not (he got it in a fight scene) the fans insisted that he sign their books. George's signature looked like a two-year-old's!

YES, the war is bringing many changes. When the "Air Force" company was preparing to leave for location in Florida, John Garfield, Gig Young and Harry Carey received messages from the studio. "Be sure and bring your own sugar ration books," they were instructed. Being good citizens, the boys complied.

ANNE SHIRLEY continues to amaze Hollywood. Now her famous red hair has been out in the sun so much, in certain artificial lights it looks silver. Next to Anne's deep tan it makes her look very glamorous. To date she is still heart-whole and fancy-free. They say that John Payne and Jane Russell are now the ones who are serious.

BOB HOPE ran into Fred MacMurray and Bing Crosby, on the lot. Fred was stripped to the waist, trying to get a sun tan. Bob took one look at the MacMurray muscles and cracked: "Fred's arms are bigger around than my waist. He must have got those muscles counting his annuities." Maybe Bob's partly right at that.

FAY WRAY'S marriage to writer Robert Riskin removes another eligible bachelor from the Hollywood scene. Frances Robinson came closest to marrying Bob, who was close to marriage several times. He's been in love with Fay for a long time. Her marriage to the late John Monk Saunders had an unhappy ending, but from now on it's happiness ahead for Fay.

RUMOR has it that M-G-M is rolling out the golden carpet, in hopes that Irene Dunne will sign a term deal. She would probably get the rôles originally scheduled for Jeanette MacDonald. Once upon a time Irene declared she would never sign another contract. These days movie stars are changing their minds about a great many things. It *could* happen even to a lady as definite as Dunne.

THE gown Adrian designed for Ann Sothorn to wear on her camp tour is something every girl dreams about. It's quite low cut, bouffant style, and required forty yards of black net. In front is a huge black net transparent (of course) pocket. The pocket is filled with every kind of pastel-colored flower. It looks just as if Ann had wandered through someone's garden and filled her pocket as she walked along. With Ann's patrician beauty, the effect is terrific.

BETTE DAVIS can be quite humorous when the occasion calls for it. At a dinner party recently, Bette wore a necklace of hearts given to her and collected by her mother-in-law. Suddenly a gushy guest noticed that one of the hearts had hair in it. "How enchantingly sentimental," she beamed and cooed. "Does that hair come from someone who is *very* precious to you?" "Indeed it does," answered Bette drily. "From the tail of my favorite horse!"

WITH the men marching away to war, Barbara Stanwyck and Mary Livingstone decided it was high time they learned to drive their own cars. The girls agreed that whoever learned to drive first, would immediately call on the other. Weeks went by. One morning Barbara headed for Mary's house—alone. At the same time, Mary headed for Barbara's house—alone. Midway they passed each other. Both girls were so excited, they screamed frantically at each other and kept right on going. Neither could remember how to stop!

STAY home if you want to see the Hollywood stars! The greatest mobilization of stars in the nation's war effort are heading your way. To stimulate a billion dollar bond drive, selected groups will visit every section of our glorious country. To name a few, it's your chance to see Hedy Lamarr, Jim Cagney, Bette Davis, Margaret Sullivan, Paulette Goddard, Franchot Tone, Wally Beery, Greer Garson and hundreds more. They are doing their bit, as well as buying their quota.

TWO young buck privates were waiting for a lift to get them back to the Albuquerque Air Base, New Mexico, before "lights out," when a roadster pulled up to the curb and the Lieutenant in front offered to drive them to their destination. They piled into the car, the Montana boy in front, the Bostonian in the rear. Not knowing how to start a conversation with a "guy wearing a bar on his shoulder," they began to talk of their home towns. When the New Englander talked of Massachusetts, the Lieutenant said he had visited Cape Cod and had been "associated with a theater in Falmouth for a time." Then, feeling that the Lieutenant was a friendly sort of chap, they talked of the "base" and bombardier cadets and the gliders, and finally arrived at the gate of the base. They gave the driver a smart salute and a "thank you, Sir," and when the car drove on, the Montana lad grabbed his pal and said, "Do you know who that was?" The New Englander said, "Sure, some guy who once was an usher in a Massachusetts theater." Montana roared, "Soldier—that was Lieut. Jimmy Stewart." All Boston could do was scratch his head as he watched the tail-light of the car disappear, and say, "If that's Lieut. Stewart, he rates the Academy of Something Award for Modesty."



Above, Bob looks angelic—so does his Aunt Lucy (he hopes), but strain of wearing the halo is beginning to show. Why the get-up? Bob plays the ghost of his own aunt in film.

"Wake up looking luscious... try my Beauty Nightcap"

BRENDA JOYCE, APPEARING IN "LITTLE TOKYO, U.S.A.", A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



says Brenda Joyce ...

"To see new petal-freshness, softness and smoothness in your skin, take Woodbury Beauty Nightcaps. You'll love the way Woodbury feels, and what it does for you."

Every night Brenda cleanses with whipped-up, silken-soft Woodbury Cold Cream. Then tissues-- and more Woodbury for all night softening. She trusts her precious skin to its care, because it contains a special ingredient which constantly acts to purify it, right in the jar. "Try it," says Brenda, "for a skin to focus his eyes."

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars



Try Brenda's beauty secret. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Large jars are 50¢ to \$1.25. Introductory sizes are 10¢ and 25¢.

For special skins—special creams. If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin, use new Woodbury Foundation Cream for a powder base.

Saturday night- but NO DATE for Ellen

Drab-looking
HAIR
Stole her
APPEAL



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?" cried Ellen as she gazed into her mirror. "Why don't the boys ever date me?" Just then Joan walked in. Joan, Ellen's best friend, worked in a beauty shop.

"Nothing's the matter with you," Joan said. "It's your hair! It's dull and mousy-looking. Men go for girls whose hair is full of sparkle and highlights. Why don't you try Nestle Colorinse? You'll be thrilled at the difference it will make in your hair." That very night Ellen used Colorinse and listen to what she told Joan—



"I NEVER THOUGHT my hair could look so lovely. Colorinse has given it a warmer, richer tone—filled it with highlights that catch the light and sparkle every time I turn my head. And now my hair's so much softer and silkier—easier to manage, too."



PLENTY OF DATES NOW! For Ellen's learned that one guide to glamour is hair made lovelier by Nestle Colorinse.

P. S. Take a tip from Ellen. Use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing.

Buy WAR SAVINGS STAMPS at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store.



Lana Turner X-Rayed!

Continued from page 22

you want me I'll be in the make-up department with Larry—he's going to cut my hair, you know." In the make-up department to cut her hair! No fancy shop—no fancy name! Well! There are lots of people who work in the movies who would have had to have cameras around to register their emotions in this, their deciding moment. "Don't worry about me," she advised, "if I look terrible I'll wear a wig." She emerged looking like a doll, as if with that face she'd be able to look terrible. And the very first time her picture was in the papers with her new hair-do it was hailed far and wide this side of the ocean and the other side of the ocean as the "Victory Hair Cut." So without even trying, she did a little something sensational.

The technical man said, "Sorry, boss, I didn't get that shot."

"Why not?"

"Because I was watching Turner."

"Don't blame you, I was, too!" They all laughed. Including Turner, who also blushed. I guess that was getting it right on our own front porch—whether or not any glamor had been disconnected with the shears!

This little girl has had a heaping dish of success in a comparatively short time. Some others would have used it differently. She hasn't as yet reached the point where they say they'd "rather play the part than eat." But she will go far, according to the energetic effort she puts into her study. The other day something happened on the set of "Somewhere I'll Find You" that predicted honest talent. The scene, a light comedy one, with Turner and Bob Sterling, was well done, but the feeling of the scene was not right. Ruggles called the writer and together they rewrote the one needed, a highly dramatic one. I could remember

the time when actors with more performances to their credit than these two youngsters had to have the new lines given them, typed and spaced, then be allowed time out for study. But these two looked over the shoulder of the script clerk onto the book, read the lines several times and did the scene. It was good!

The people, many of whom have been around since Lana first came on the lot, take it as a matter of course that she has been successful. Everybody thinks it's nice and nobody makes any big fuss over it. But from their enthusiastic winks at each other when she does such scenes as the above, you know they think she's got what it takes. In the next moment if she'd happen to be reading the funny paper—the particular funny paper that any one of them wanted—I presume pretty soon she wouldn't be reading it. You know—the way you've talked your little sister out of the funny paper!

It was nosed around that the Turner girl was getting temperamental. Oh, well, most of them have to go through it, I said. But afterward I knew the answer. A studio worker who had been close to her since she was an extra was, as usual, assigned to Lana's picture. Just before the picture started she was told that the lady wouldn't be with her. There seemed to be an array of reasons, none of which met with the girl's convictions. "Listen," she said, "I don't care for arguments. And I like people to keep their word." That was the simple ending of that. I call that a pretty, and level head. She knows upon whom she can depend.

She comes to the set when she isn't working and is always welcome. She dresses in tailored slacks or little dirndls and just as you're thinking that she looks cute as the



My, my! how you've grown, Gloria Jean. Above, left, as you looked not many months ago and now, look at you at right, a sophisticated glamor gal with up-do hairdress and slinky satin gown. That's what comes of reaching the ripe old age of fourteen and playing in such jitterbug pictures as your "What's Cookin'," "Get Hep to Love" and "On the Beam."

doll in the store window, you realize that the temperature of the set has gone up several degrees, and that the doll is quite a living one.

At four-thirty in the afternoon when everybody is at the lower point and they begin asking each other if they think they will have to work late, which means after six, because nobody feels that they could bear it, Lana, for no reason at all, begins to giggle. No reason except that it's great to be young. Then everybody is shaking their heads and saying, "Turner! She's at it again." The giggling picks itself up and embraces each and everyone—and four-thirty to six is gone quickly.

One dreary morning there was no little Lana Turner. Things were ready to go and there were no bones about the fact that she did tie everything up in a knot. The air was electric and everybody said they'd tell her a thing or two when she arrived. She arrived. And said without the slightest stumble of excuse, when she might have made use of any number, "I'm late because I overslept—and I'm sorry—I really am—I hope it won't happen again." So nobody said very much.

She is always humming something catchy just as I am counting the stitches on the heel of the sock I'm knitting for our cameraman who is going off to war. I lose the count and ask if she'd mind stopping. She says, "Why aren't you smart enough to count and listen, too?" Sure. Why aren't I? She loves music. When she wanted terribly to have a victrola on the set, she didn't just bring it in—she asked first if she might have it. Those of the crew who weren't used to band medicine with their work calmly went wild. They said maybe they'd get used to it in time, because they had to admit it was good listening—in their moments of relaxation—but she didn't want to disrupt the entire place. The victrola went into her dressing room. Lana is there, writing, reading, studying or singing. I like to pass her room. It is happy and bright. Like the Turner girl herself.

In the middle of a peaceful few hours in the office, I remembered that I had to get some message to my director. Everything was quiet and I was trying to make as noiseless an entrance as possible as I felt my way in the dark. "WHAT DID YOU BRING ME???" screamed out Lana's voice. In a jiffy she had opened my knitting bag, searched my pockets and purse. "What! No candy? For shame!"

"I was just going to get some," I lied. "What kind would you like?"

"Oh, just something that looks like me." Some order!

Here sits Lana in a striking black gown, cut daringly low, revealing the throat and shoulders poets talk about—in fact—she looks as if she were one of Mr. Gainsborough's loveliest lovelies. I'll bet if Grandpa chanced to the set he'd say, "Hello, Puddin'." Because in his day that's what they called an angel face with golden hair and pretty dimples.

Yes, here she sits, in the setting of loose planks, cameras, sound machines, wires, electricians, grips and leading men. "Let me know if I'm in the way, and then I'll think about moving!" By a sudden jolt we are brought back to the link between then and now as one of the boys says, "Yes, Madame!" And the other says, "Okay, kid!" And carts Lana, chair and all, out of the road. Glamor girl, current edition, is undismayed—eating candy bars.

It is the opinion of those who know her best that she won't change. She hasn't so far, they say.

Out at the camp where I do regular canteen duty, the soldiers tell us about the stars. "We like Bob Hope, you know—but of course we wouldn't kick if they brought us Lana Turner. The whole Army would stand back of you on that, I'll bet!"

Are you in Love?

Ann Rutherford and George Montgomery featured in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Orchestra Wife." Want such soft romantic hands?



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Ann Rutherford's Adorable Hands. Ann protects the confiding softness of her hands by using Jergens Lotion. "The simplest, loveliest hand care," she says.

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Of course! It's like professional care for your hands. Many wise doctors aid hard-used skin to divine softness with 2 special ingredients, which are both in Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to \$1.00 a bottle. Notice—Jergens Lotion leaves no sticky feeling. Give your hands "Hollywood's Hand Care;" use Jergens Lotion.



Jergens Lotion

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

Betty Grable Writes a Letter to the Boys in Service

Continued from page 21

you can show this to the boys at the camp who bet you that I wouldn't answer your letter.

Leonard Koch. No, George Raft doesn't mind you writing me, or me writing you. Thank you for sending me your picture though I can hardly see you for the drums!

Jesse Cason. You sound very brave for a nineteen-year-old soldier. I have blue eyes and blonde hair too, but thank goodness I haven't a sunburn. Of course I don't mind you writing me. I like it. I've been homesick many times in my life. It's an awful feeling, isn't it?

Eugene Loesch. Thank you for choosing me as your "favorite definitely." I've mailed you an autographed picture for the bulletin board inside the barracks. I'm most proud to have such a place of honor.

Arnold Prayer. I'm so glad that you liked me in "A Yank in the R. A. F." And naturally I am quite pleased to be chosen "the ideal companion we boys would like to have on our first solo." Thank you very much. I'll see if I can find a picture of myself in a bathing suit and send it right along for the Day Room wall.

Arthur Rigg. Your letter came by the Pan American Clipper, and was one of the nicest letters I have ever received. You boys are doing a wonderful job, and we in Hollywood are so very proud of you. I was touched by your saying that "a letter is appreciated more than anything else out here" and I promise to write you a long personal letter, as soon as I return from my tour.

Lowell Collins. Imagine those Doubting Thomases saying that I did not autograph the picture I sent you! You can tell them for me that I personally autograph all my pictures. Thank you for the invitation to visit the "West Point of the Air." It sounds thrilling.

My poor mother, and Klinker, my dog (when musicians hit a sour note they call it a klinker), are not nearly so excited over my camp tour as I am. On the contrary, they are giving me dirty looks. They seem to think that I am running out on them, just when I am needed most. You see, I moved into a new house in Bel-Air the other day, and what with painters, and carpenters, and electricians, and no servants, and practically no furniture, the place is a mess.

I decided to buy new furniture for the house, so all I moved from my last house was my bed, the Kelvinator, and a whisk broom. The bed is 6½ ft. x 6½ ft., and the movers simply couldn't get it through the doors or windows. So now it has gone back to the shop to be remade into sections, and in the meantime I'm sleeping on a mattress on the floor and will probably catch my death of cold. Which will serve me right for wanting a big bed.

When I find the time I am going to have my bedroom done in red and white, with American beauty red rugs. But at present all I have in my room, besides the mattress, is my one antique—a Victorian chest of drawers with a marble top. The house is a two story English type house, and I want to have it all cozy and chintzy. It has nice smooth banisters, which caught my eye immediately, and probably had much to do with my buying the house. I like to slide down banisters. Even if I am old enough to know better. It's sort of a frustration from my childhood, I guess, because the Grables always seemed to live in hotels or apart-

ments, with elevators, instead of banisters.

The most livable room at present is the playroom in the basement. It has a pool table, which we are using as a dining room table until we can do better. All across one side of the playroom is a huge bar. As my taste in drinks runs exclusively to milk shakes I was terribly pleased when George Raft told me he was giving me a moving-



Just before starting on a tour of Army and Navy camps to entertain the boys, Betty Grable visited Glendale Airport, where she met Lieut. Leo Stratton Nomis, RAF pilot.

in-to-a-new-home present. He had the bar changed into the slickest soda fountain this side of Schrafft's in New York. Milk shakes, thank goodness, don't make me fat. Want to know what does make me fat? Work! Believe it or not, good old-fashioned work. When I'm not working I weigh 112 pounds, but the minute I start knocking myself out with difficult dance routines I go up to 117. One time in New York when I was rehearsing day and night for "Du Barry Was a Lady" my weight jumped up to 122. It just doesn't seem right, does it?

I certainly got a break on the garden of my new house. The man who lived there before, Gene Aherne, well-known cartoonist, was crazy about flowers, and he had gathered shrubs, bulbs, bushes, etc., from all over the world. His begonias have been prize winners for years. Well, I looked at that garden after I moved in and almost cried. It was so beautiful, and required so much care. And where can you find garden-

ers these war days? Certainly not in California. Just when I had decided that I would have to send mother and Cousin Lucille, who lives with us, to the University at Westwood to take a course in horticulture, the doorbell rang, and it was Mr. Aherne. "Miss Grable," he said so pathetically, "I hate to bother you. I know the house is yours now, and you don't want any outsiders intruding. But I am so fond of my flowers. They are like children to me. Please, could I continue to take care of them?" "Could you?" I shrieked almost falling in his arms with joy. "Oh, would you, please?"

My newest friend and one of my best is Carmen Miranda. And when she goes on a tour of the camps, boys, you will really have a treat. She is so talented, so gay with it all, and such a grand person to know. We were in the same picture, "Down Argentine Way," but as she did all her scenes in New York, and I did mine in Hollywood, we never met, until we started work on "Springtime in the Rockies." Her dialect simply fascinates me. She puts an "s" on everything. The first morning on the set I was sort of shy about meeting her because I have such great admiration for her. But she pounded on my dressing room door right away and wanted to know what kind of "tootspaste" I used. Ever since I have called her "tootspaste" and she loves it. Just wait until you hear her sing, *I'm a Jitter's Bug Just Like a Yankee's Doodle Dandy* in our new picture. When I told her how wonderful I thought she was she said, "Oh, no, I stinks."

The other day, on the set, we were catching our breath, and doing a bit of mopping, after a strenuous dance number. She suddenly slipped a ring off of her finger and gave it to me. "Why, Carmen," I said, "you must be awfully rich to make me a beautiful present like this." "Not me, rich," she said with her Latin American shrug, "I gives all my money to the Shuberts."

Cesar Romero, also in the picture, has been seeing a lot of Carmen away from the studio, and it wouldn't surprise me at all if it turned out to be a romance.

Hollywood had its first dimout premiere the other night—"Tales of Manhattan"—and it turned out to be quite a gala occasion even though there were no dazzling lights. The crowds lined the street on both sides of the Chinese Theater, and the fact that they couldn't tell Charles Boyer from Mickey Rooney, and Shirley Temple from Hattie MacDaniel, didn't dampen their enthusiasm at all. George and I were the guests of the Lou Schreibers, and I tried to dress as pretty as possible to make up for the shortage of lights. I wore a sheer white crepe, full skirt, tucked in at the waist, and with a top of nude chiffon. In the dimout I guess it looked like I didn't have anything on my shoulders, which I didn't realize until I heard a shocked lady in the fan section near the microphone in the forecourt whisper to her friends, "She ought to be ashamed! No top to her dress!" Believe me, there *was* a top.

I felt self-conscious after that, but I needn't have. Inside the theater, and later at the Mocambo, no one paid the slightest attention to me. They were much too busy ogling Hedy Lamarr's new pile-it-on-the-top-of-the-head hair-do—not to mention Victor Mature in a gob uniform making with the sweet talk to Rita Hayworth.

The premiere netted \$5000. for war charities. Walter Pidgeon announced this from the stage, and then introduced Ethel Waters who sang *The Star Spangled Banner* so beautifully it had us all blinking back the tears.

Well, I'll be seeing a lot of you boys soon, I hope. I'm no Carmen Miranda, but I'll sing and dance as best I can, and as long as you want me to. If you can take it, I can take it. Be seeing you!

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 13

to one of those rare ennobling moments. I refer to the scene in the church after the death of *Carol Beldon*, *Vin Miniver's* lovely bride, when *Lady Beldon* stands, lips quivering, unable to join in the hymn, and *Vin* steps across the aisle, leaving his family, takes her book, smiles down at her and begins to sing. Suddenly, the sparkling tears light her eyes as she, too, joins in *Onward Christian Soldiers* to lift up the hearts and heads of all who listen to the woman and the soldier courageously singing their sorrow. It is a triumphal symbol of the union of youth and age, the humble and the patriarchal in the present great march of the nations.

LILLIAN HANSON, Denver, Colo.

I am one of those girls with a dream in her eyes and romance in her soul, and I have just seen Victor Mature. The rest of the family saw "My Gal Sal," but I just saw Victor Mature.

Now I ask you, what chance has my fat-and-forty husband and his national-situation conscience got with me when by merely closing my eyes I can conjure up a vision of those patent leather curls and soulful eyes of Vic Mature gazing devotedly into mine. Oh my, life sure is great!

The folks all said Mature was great and really could act. I dunno. I just know he makes right fine lookin'.

I read somewhere that he is all wrapped up in himself. Well, he shore makes a mighty purty package, and you can deliver him to me any day, even with postage due. It's me for Victor Mature.

MRS. MARY KENNEDY, Akron, Ohio

Of all the maudlin, ridiculous pictures, "The Magnificent Ambersons" takes the tin Oscar! Why in the name of reason did Hollywood waste Orson Welles' genius, elaborate settings, time, and the money to film such insipid drivel?

In this vital and critical world of 1942 we want pictures that have a reason for their existence; that deal with problems and conditions of today, or that at least give us a good hearty laugh. The only time the audience stopped yawning, the evening I saw "The Magnificent Ambersons," was to laugh when *Aunt Fanny* had hysterics at the foot of the hot water boiler.

Please, Hollywood, have a heart!

RUTH OUTWATER, Denver, Colo.

HONORABLE MENTION

Who is this Van Heflin? I'd never heard of him until a few months ago. But already I'm putting my money on him to win. He's an excellent actor; not good-looking, with no special tricks, yet he can steal a scene with a quirk of an eyebrow.

I loved him in "Johnny Eager." He, as much as Robert Taylor, was responsible for putting that picture on my "favorite" list. And I cried with him at the ending, a tribute to his acting ability. He didn't make much of an impression on me in "The Feminine Touch," but in "Johnny Eager" his rôle of literary light-dimmed by drink was unforgettable.

Where did he come from? Has he had stage experience? Is he married? How many pictures has he been in?

Please let us see more of him. In a group of actors that might be poured from the same mould, he stands out with a portrayal that is as refreshing as it is different.

MRS. MARJORIE TRUITT, Snowden, N. C.



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee

"Satin-Finish, has all you've longed for in a lipstick," says Constance Luft Huhn

"A lipstick that won't melt and run during the summer?... Yes! Each of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks will keep your lips perfectly and exquisitely groomed through the hottest weather.

"Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks are perfectly balanced... not too moist, yet not too dry. Once applied, your favorite Tangee shade clings to your lips for hours and hours—gives your lips the softer, glossier loveliness you've always longed for. I recommend that you settle your summer make-up problem with one of Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks, its matching rouge and your correct shade of Tangee's unpowdery Face Powder."

New TANGEE MEDIUM-RED... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

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Lovely Eleanor Francis jumped all the way from Texas to prominence in New York (in "Follies Girl") largely because she keeps her complexion so entrancingly fresh, and lovely looking. She says: "Since my career depends on my complexion I rely on Golden Peacock Bleach Creme for the quick results I must have so my complexion looks its natural loveliest . . . every day."

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Are Women in Danger of Losing Their Femininity?

Continued from page 25

thinks I'll be the most helpful. And wherever that place is, there you'll find me. I want my chance to prove how grateful I am for all this country has given me. And for the opportunities it has afforded me. I owe a lot to America and I'll do everything I can to be of service."

Cary wouldn't say more since he doesn't believe that any actor should publicize an act that should be a duty of every man.

The one actress in Hollywood who is really doing a man's work, to get back to femininity, is Mary Astor. I saw Mary just after she came back from active duty for the Civil Air Patrol somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico. She has also spent eight hours a day after she finished "Across the Pacific," answering calls and doing a man-size job in other respects for the Civil Air Patrol. Not to mention her own flying. Mary knows whereof she speaks since she is a full-time war worker and not one who dabbles "when convenient."

"Women today stand the danger of getting too comfortable in slacks and they must also face the danger of wanting to wear their uniforms at all times," Mary told me. "In that respect, they are losing their femininity. The ladies of today must remember that the competition with the gentlemen is too tough. A woman can't be independent and lend herself to romance. The two just don't mix. And it's the smart girl who will get out of her uniform and slacks whenever possible and into something that will help her get at least one of the few men who are still around."

"In short, be masculine on your job. Or should I say, be less feminine? But by all means drop it all when you're off work. If you don't, men are going to take one look at you and run. They aren't ready yet for an overdose of your new importance in this war world. They still want you to be FEMININE."

Olivia de Havilland is another young lady of Hollywood who has plenty of brains in addition to her beauty. And she also had some ideas on this problem that seemed to match pretty well with those of Mary's.

"One of women's most ancient duties has been administering care," Livvy began. "I know you don't administer care when you're in a war factory, but remember that wom-

en's work today embraces more than just taking over men's jobs in the plants. There are so many women who are taking Red Cross lessons—and wearing the uniforms of the Red Cross. Such lessons only make them more proficient. They are performing a duty, that is true, but they are also adding to their womanly knowledge, knowledge that men often have to call upon, by the way. If being less feminine means knowing more, then I say, 'Be less feminine.' All the cry today about women losing their femininity is just harking back to the fight for suffrage in the last war. Then—as now—they are only trying to find a place for their increased knowledge."

"I have only one suggestion to women of these times—and I think it's an important suggestion. You are apt to be so proud of what you're doing for the war effort and so anxious to do more that you may make the mistake of talking about your work in front of your man. Girls, if you do that, you're never going to convince any man that you aren't losing your femininity. Remember, the man likes to believe that he is all-important. Perhaps he is. At any rate, he is instinctively offended if he hears you talk about the 'manly' things you are doing. If you want to keep him, lay off that and be your feminine self."

As Livvy and I were talking, the one man in Hollywood who has constantly sounded off on women came over and joined us. Humphrey Bogart, working on "Casablanca" at the time, was the man.

"Women aren't losing their femininity at all," Bogie said—and surprised me. I was sure he'd let go with a couple of beautiful barrages. "The girls in the defense plants, in the WAAC, in the WAVES, and in the Red Cross can be likened to the pioneer women. They stand shoulder to shoulder with their men, giving and taking in a practical way. There's nothing more feminine than that, is there? I know a young mother whose husband enlisted in the Army. There were no tears on her part, no reproaches because she was left with two small children to support. She was proud that he wanted to do his share and proud that she could help him do it. This woman found a job in an airplane factory. Her children are in a day nursery during the hours she



Excuse it, please! Recently, we ran a symposium titled "Marry Now, Or Wait?" in which the stars gave their views on the subject. We quoted Alexis Smith, who said she wouldn't marry until after the war, and Ruth Hussey, who advised girls to wait as she was doing. But you can't ban or ration love, so—Alexis married handsome Craig Stevens, at right, and Ruth became the bride of C. Robert Longenecker, left, and our face became red.

works. When she is through for the day, she picks them up and takes them home. She still does her own housework, too, for that is the one way where she can prove that nothing has destroyed her femininity. Her schedule is a hard one, but she never complains. That, in my frank opinion, is a real woman. It's my idea that this war is only bringing out every honest woman's inherent courage. And instead of making her less feminine, it is really adding to her femininity. Women can take the hard knocks and still be women, don't forget. That's why we men love them."

My next stop was at Universal where a picture called "Arabian Nights" was in the works. The day I paid my visit to the set during production, I managed to crowd my way on the sound stage where a lot of none too well-covered lovelies flitted about in the harem scene. For a moment, I was sure that femininity was definitely not in danger!

Jon Hall, who plays the lead, came over to me and we began talking about women and femininity. Since he had been having such direct contact with all these glamor girls, I thought he'd prove an interesting conversationalist:

"Working with all these beautiful girls would probably make you think my answer would be no," Jon began. "But, on the contrary, I think women are losing some of their femininity in this hectic world. Personally, I don't think any woman can wear the pants gracefully, figuratively or literally. But whenever I begin to think that women are forgetting their appeal for men in their rush to be of service, I suddenly find myself saying, 'Maybe so, but then why not? This is war and all-out war.' If men could help win the war by wearing skirts, I'd say they should wear them. And if women are needed to help win, as is apparently the case, then they must dress the part. So, you see, there are two sides to the question."

"War is no frilly or frou-frou business, and women realize it as much as men. Their main danger is in carrying their uniforms and their slacks and their neglect of their charms too far. They will have to remember that as women their job—when all is considered—is to remain appealing to men. No man wants to see women in manly outfits too much of the time and he doesn't want them to try to act like men. Now—more than ever while they're doing their fine work—they must remember that they owe something to the men who are fighting this war, and that is to look their most feminine whenever possible."

Maria Montez, the sultry siren and confident lass, arrived just in time to hear Jon say that he thought women were losing their femininity to a degree. With her violent self-assurance, she came right back at him.

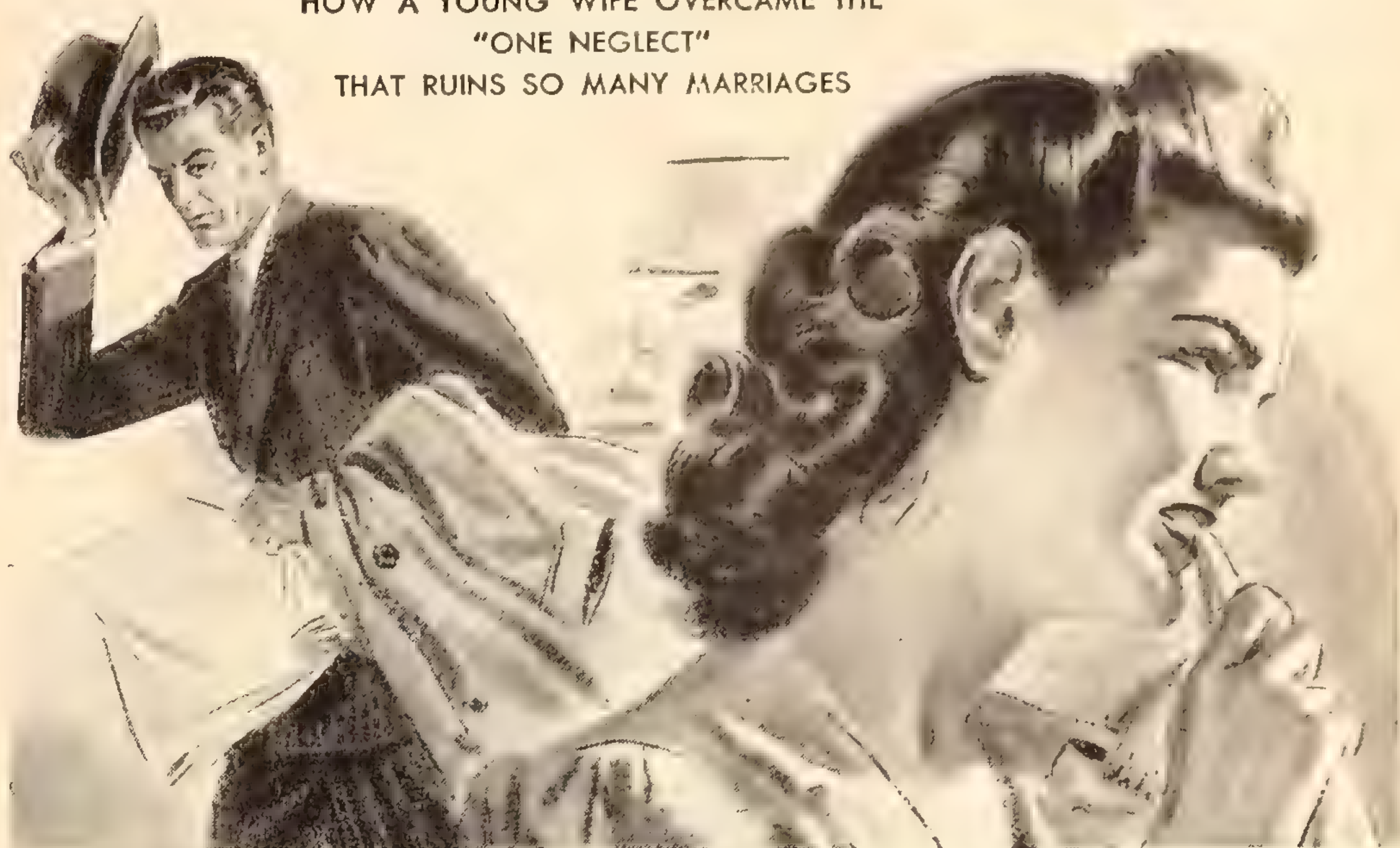
"No! No! No!" Maria cried. "Women are *not* losing their femininity!" (She certainly wasn't, in the revealing costume she was wearing.) "Women aren't being deglamorized at all just because they are taking over men's places in the factories or because they are wearing uniforms and regimenting their clothes. These changes, on the contrary, only indicate that women are vitally aware of the dangers which face them. They have taken over these duties for the duration of the war and they have gladly accepted the sacrifices because they know that they are proving themselves worthy of their splendid heritage. They are only carrying on the work of the pioneers and the other women who, by their sacrifice, helped to make America the great country it is!"

Jon said quietly, "I agree with all that, but don't you think that women have to lose some of their glamor—that the times demand it?"

"Definitely not!" Maria answered.

"Man and Wife—no longer!"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE
"ONE NEGLECT"
THAT RUINS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. Did he hate me . . . the husband I loved so much? I couldn't guess what had changed our happiness to . . . this. Harsh words . . . frozen silences . . . loneliness . . .



2. One day, I spied my doctor's car next door and hailed him . . . to ask for a sleeping powder. But, wise doctor! He went straight to the *cause* of my troubles. Then he explained. "Often a man can't forgive one *neglect* . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."



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4. I took my doctor's advice and found Lysol disinfectant so easy to use, so inexpensive. And now my husband and I are happier than ever before in all our days!

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...I can't do without Noxzema. It helps soften my tough beard, gives me a swell, cool, comfortable shave; and my skin doesn't feel tender and sore afterward!

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Let this famous family favorite help you, too!

• Try Noxzema as above—and for the relief of many similar externally-caused skin troubles. Over 15 million jars are used every year!

IMPORTANT! While the supply lasts, you can get the big 75¢ jar of Noxzema for only 49¢ (plus tax)! Due to wartime limitations, this yearly offer may never be made again! Take advantage of it. Get Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic counter today!

"Women will always be glamorous. It is inherent with them. It is their natural-born instinct to possess glamor. But that doesn't mean that they can't do their part as well as men."

I left Jon and Maria discussing all this and went over to M-G-M to see Joan Crawford, who was busy making "Reunion." She was looking more feminine than usual—probably because she had just been married to Philip Terry in a surprise ceremony. Joan seemed an especially good person to talk to on this subject of femininity and war and independence since she has always been extremely independent and has openly said that she intends to go into various fields in the picture industry, fields heretofore held by men almost exclusively.

"Are women losing their femininity?" she asked me as an answer to my question. "Well, women doing men's work is not such a new idea to my generation. Practically all of my contemporaries are career women. Today we are used to women working whether they are wives or mothers or not. Most of my friends are working women. During the last war, the fair sex doing men's jobs was a novelty, I understand. That just isn't true any more. And it seems to me that the career women I know have managed to keep their femininity. I use this word now in its best sense. But there is a type of woman who still exists today, a type I have never liked, who may very well profit by the emergencies of total war. These are the idle women—the clinging vines, the infantile ladies. You know that type—they rely on their husbands for everything. They talk baby talk. They are fragile, helpless creatures. If that's femininity then it would be a good job if they would lose it. I have a hunch, however, that some of the real infantile creatures of my sex will manage somehow to keep their men. It is the strong woman who can send her man off to war without flinching and who can make sacrifices. I think your little whining, complaining, namby-pamby weak sister will always be sure she is 'protected.' It would be an excellent thing to have this type face reality for a change, to see what it is like to do real work. I believe in work. I think it's as important as anything in life. I believe that nothing not earned through hard work is worth having. I hope, therefore, that the war can change the clinging vine into a woman of strength. In other words, into a really feminine woman."

As I left Joan, I bumped into Ann Southern, the lady who has made a character by the name of *Maisie* into a composite of the countless rules for femininity.

"Ann," I said abruptly, "what do you think about women today? Aren't they sort of trying to be carbon copies of men?"

"Definitely not!" Annie said. "Women today are only proving that they can do what is expected of them when it becomes necessary in an emergency. Would you rather that they remain at home in the parlor wearing chiffon dresses and spending their time at beauty parlors instead of getting out and helping to win this war? They've got a big stake in this fight too. As big as you men. They're working to protect the one thing that makes them feminine—the home. Besides, you must know that they never forget for a moment their desire to be feminine and womanly. Take a look at your factory workers, for example. Your women workers. Nine out of ten of them may rivet all day or do other types of difficult work. They get grease on their faces. They give up the idea of being able to keep their hands well manicured. But whenever they get the chance to be out of uniform and when they are off from work, you'll find their femininity reasserting itself. They immediately change into pretty, soft, and flattering clothes. And they make themselves as charming and appealing as possible. The woman who still remains a fac-

tory worker when she gets home or who has an extended case of uniformitis isn't really feminine to begin with."

The kind of a man everyone visions as the head man, the rugged male, is Victor McLaglen. Vic has seen the changes in women since the last war. He remembers what they went through in those days. And he is not alarmed at the trend of today.

"This war, as terrible as it is," Vic began when I saw him on the set of "China Girl," "will really make women regain their femininity. For a while, in the past, they were in danger of losing it. Some of it appeared to have been lost in the shuffle of slacks, overalls, shorts, mannish hair bobs, tuxedos for evening dress, and the like. But war is a tough, brutal, masculine business. In contrast to its horror and destruction, all of the nice, tender, and sweet things about women must pervade everywhere. As that famous slogan goes, 'A woman's job is morale.' Being feminine in appearance as well as manner is the most appealing morale a soldier can have. And that is the one danger that some of today's women overlook. They think that their time should be devoted exclusively to their own work. They forget the man at times who is fighting and his dreams of a lovely girl dressed in very feminine things. They forget he wants to hear them talk—not about factories and war—but about strictly feminine things. I am sure that most women realize that today. And, as a result, I expect them to be also more sympathetic and understanding after this war than ever before."

"All this monkey business about women becoming more masculine because of uniforms and war work outfits doesn't worry me much. Have you noticed that they're wearing more curls in their hair than they ever have? And have you noticed that they definitely have not forgotten that their manner—and yes, their attack—must be more feminine?"

Ann Sheridan believes that the work women are doing now is not dangerous to them as women at all. On the contrary, it is a godsend.

I caught Ann just after she had finished "George Washington Slept Here" and just before she began work in "The Edge of Darkness."

"There is no more feminine trait in my mind," Ann said with her typical frankness, "than the desire to protect the home and children. The only way a woman can do that in war time is by doing her part to free men for active service. Whether she accomplishes this by working in a war plant, nursing, buying bonds with her spare money, or joining the Women's Army doesn't matter. She is doing her part to protect what is vital to her—and that is being very feminine."

"Anyway, the kind of a job a woman does doesn't really change her. She may look less attractive in overalls and covered with grease, but she certainly doesn't lose her interest in being feminine. And attractive. And the chances are that such a job only makes her more eager to primp and wear the latest modes when she is through working. She wants to be as womanly as possible to make up for it."

"Then there is the type of woman who has been out of the spotlight all her life, content to be a housewife and sticking close to home. The war has taken her out of a rut, given her new interests, new independence. Her present attitude toward life gives her much greater appreciation for the male than her former wishy-washy approach to life."

"And, last, there is the type of woman who wasn't overly-feminine to begin with. It took the war and the separation from her soldier sweetheart to make her realize that when he is on furlough he isn't interested in a 'good pal' girl. As a change from camp life, he wants to see his girl in extremely



Lupe Velez again plays a fiery Mexican girl, not unlike herself, in "Mexican Spitfire's Elephant," latest in series in which she and co-star Leon Errol (as three different characters) instigate a merry comedy of errors.

feminine clothes. He notices more the way she does her hair and everything about her appearance more than he used to. And, eager to please, she becomes more feminine instead of less."

Ginny Simms, who was working in "Here We Go Again" and "Seven Days Leave," has always felt very strongly on this subject—as she has indicated when we have talked together. And I think her ideas are well worth passing on to you.

"Women will be more anxious to get back to home life than ever," Ginny said, "after this war. The independence they're having now won't replace their love for home and children. They are getting a chance to start new careers now, it's true, but the work they're doing is also a stop-gap for war nerves. As for the uniforms they are wearing, most women still have little tricks to keep their femininity, such as putting a ribbon in their hair. They realize that these tricks are necessary, for while they are the men behind the men behind the gun today, they are also the sweethearts of the men behind the gun. The requisites for both are very different.

"The main danger to women's work today, as I see it, is that their financial independence may make them go overboard and lose their sense of values. They also may get hardened and coarse. No wise girl, however, will let herself take such a risk.

"The women who are going into the WAAC and WAVES have definite advantages, though, in my estimation. In the first place, they will be more interesting because their horizons will inevitably be widened. In the second place, they will be better companions to men. They will be able to understand men's problems. Also, women will learn discipline and coordination in the Army and Navy and they seldom have the chance to learn either in their regular way of life.

"Women will lose their femininity only if they are careless and if they look upon their work today as more important than that of being a woman."

Most of the stars have agreed, girls, that you're not losing anything. But they have also pointed out the dangers to you. Of course, if you aren't interested in being appealing to a man or in holding onto an appeal already established, well, that's a different story. But if you're like nine and a half out of ten women, then you'll see the handwriting on the wall, take a good look at yourself, and adjust yourself accordingly.



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The House of Morgan

Continued from page 27

pine paneling above it and the rough brick facing. There are a few built-in book shelves on either side, with wood boxes below. To the right of the door from the hall, as you enter the room, are two samplers. One reads, "Home is where the heart is" and the other, "If music be the food of love, play on."

"You've stolen Garfield's thunder," I exclaimed, pointing to the first sampler. "He has the same thing in his house, although the picture is different."

"Well, it's a good thing for everyone to remember," Denny brushed me off.

"You see this green chair?" he went on, indicating a chair on one side of the room. "Well, when we started buying the few pieces we needed to finish furnishing the place, Lillian got the idea of saving money by going to auctions. So she went to one, saw this chair and fell in love with it. She thought she was being pretty cagey in her bidding but after she'd bought the chair and sent it to the upholsterer's, she found she could have bought two chairs for what she'd paid for this one and then, to add insult to injury, this one had already been upholstered and re-upholstered so many times the poor devil could hardly find a piece of solid wood to drive a tack into. Was her face red! However," he went on, "this oil painting of Jenny Lind was really a buy. She got that at an auction, too, and only paid \$12.50 for it. That rosewood frame is hand-carved, too," he finished modestly.

The drapes are of burgundy chintz with a flowered design.

"We went hog-wild on the upholstering for the divan," Mr. Morgan broke in again. "It's some sort of material I can never remember the name of—kinkeroo cloth or something like that. Anyhow, it's the only expensive material we bought and we only splurged then because it's durable as well as attractive and we didn't want anything we'd have to be constantly telling the kids to get off."

The divan sits between the two front windows with two small Chippendale mahogany tables at either end. On each table is a china lamp with a chintz design and shades of a dull salmon-colored silk that matches the pink in the hollyhocks of the drapes. In front of the fireplace are two matching love seats facing each other, upholstered in a burgundy damask.

At the far end of the living room is a double door leading to the den—or music room. This room is almost monastic in its severity, although not, I might add, in its contents. At one end is a tiny but well-stocked bar. Although Mrs. Morgan is a teetotaller and Denny practically one, nothing delights him as much as to get in back of the thing and brew concoctions only an iron man could imbibe and stay on his feet.

This room is paneled throughout in California redwood. The floor is covered with an inexpensive grass rug and the furnishings consist of a piano, a floor lamp, built-in divan upholstered in a rough textured material of rust and white (something like a matting weave) and a smoking stand. The base of the latter is made of the cam shaft of an airplane engine and the top part is half of a piston. It is engraved, "Presented to Dennis Morgan by the R. C. A. F. Officers' Mess July 24, 1941." That happened when he was in Canada making "Captains of the Clouds." On top of the piano are a stuffed Mongolian pheasant he shot in Oregon last fall and a loving cup Lillian won at a costume party.

The dog, Bruce (a Labrador retriever), has never quite got used to the idea that the pheasant is dead and, unless closely watched when he is in the house, is likely to attack it.

"Some day," said Dennis, "when the war is over and priorities are removed we're going to enlarge this room to make the acoustics better so I can cut loose when I practice my singing."

A small hallway leads from the living room to the dining room. The rug in here, too, is a frieze—rust-colored this time. The table and chairs are of cherry, authentic antiques, the latter upholstered in a Colonial striped satin. There are six chairs but the table will accommodate ten.

The chest is solid walnut and has been in Mrs. Morgan's family for over a hundred years. When her grandmother sent it to her as a present for the new house it was caked with white enamel. It took Mrs. Morgan and Dennis weeks to scrape it off.

The kitchen would be any chef's delight, it is so huge. There is a tremendous icebox and more cupboard space than the most exacting housewife could ask for. The tiled sink has two trays—one for washing dishes and one for rinsing. There is a breakfast nook in one corner. The floor is covered with a slate-blue linoleum.

"This kitchen is a sight," Denny volunteered, pointing to the carefully washed dishes on the sink. "You see, we are expecting a baby and Lillian has to stay in bed. We haven't been able to get decent help for love or money. My mother would love to come help us out but she gets hay-fever and asthma if she stays out here for as long as two days at a time, so that's out. The result is, Lillian's nurse fixes her meals and I do the cooking for the kids and myself and clean up when I get a chance. Working on a picture with all this going on doesn't help things, either, I can tell you."

My hair—both of them—curled at Dennis' simple recital of his domestic woes but I'll say their troubles certainly have not impaired either his or Lillian's dispositions. They're as cheerful as though they had a million in the bank, a seven-year contract with no options and the most competent help obtainable.

At the head of the stairs leading to the upper floor, you turn left and enter the master bedroom.

"I used to think this was the cheeriest room and wall-paper a person could find in a day's search," Lillian laughed as I entered, indicating the view of the grounds and Victory Garden at the back and the white wall-paper with its bright green ivy pattern. "Now, I'm so sick of it, all I can think of is poison ivy!"

"Look at that desk," she changed the subject abruptly. "It's been in my family for over a hundred and fifty years. I vaguely remember my mother saying something about my great-great uncle bringing it from Jerusalem. When we got it it was all chipped and scratched but we sent that to an antique restorer who brought out that lovely finish of the cherry wood."

"The dresser has been in my family a long time, too," she continued, "over a hundred years." I examined it closely. It is of solid walnut with black walnut knobs dangling from the drawers. The panels on the drawers are of crotch walnut, waxed until you can see your face in them almost as plainly as in the mirror.

"This bed ought to look familiar to you," Denny grinned.

"The face is familiar but I don't place the body," was my snappy comeback.

"Bing and Dixie Crosby were refurnishing their bedroom," he explained, "so we bought the bed."

"Yes," Lillian put in, "and when all this happened to me I sent him word we'd sell it back to him cheap. I'd rather get a new

one and start from scratch if the outcome of sleeping in Ring's bed is this."

"Well," I hedged, "I've only slept in their guest room and my body has never rested on Mr. Crosby's personal mattress so I'm not in a position to argue with you about what happens when you do."

"This is Kristin's room," Denny switched the conversation and led the way across the hall. "We don't know exactly what this wall-paper is supposed to represent but she picked it out herself."

I took a gander. It shows a palm tree, a little girl in a sort of hoop skirt with an apron and a large hat, holding a butterfly net in her hand, and a little boy in a huge sombrero driving a donkey cart.

The walls are covered with drawings of Disney characters by Ray Huffine. The furniture is of rock maple.

Down the hall is Stanley, Jr.'s room. The wall-paper here depicts boats and zeppelins, the furniture is of walnut and the bedspread is chenille. The drapes are of monk's cloth with a moss edging.

"Lillian made these herself, even the edging," Denny informed me proudly.

"Look, Dick," Stan, Jr. invited me, pulling open the bottom drawer of his chest, "This is my treasure drawer."

He pulled out the works and face of a clock that had no frame and that had apparently quit running before Stan was born.

"He still thinks he can fix it," Denny laughed.

There was also a box of different kinds of stone, numerous tops and marbles. "We could play a game of marbles," Stan, Jr., suggested wistfully.

"That's a bet," I agreed, "only you'll have to lend me some."

"I guess we better not play," he announced. "I'd probably win, then you'd have to buy marbles to pay me and lose all your money."

"I guess you're right," I assented with alacrity.

"You know," Dennis interrupted, leading me back to the living room, "it's a funny thing about this house. As crazy as I am about it, it seems I never have a chance to enjoy it. Do you realize I've made six pictures this year? 'Affectionately Yours,' 'Bad Men of Missouri,' 'Captains of the Clouds,' 'Wings for the Eagle,' 'In This Our Life' and 'The Hard Way'? Now I start immediately on 'The Desert Song' and I'll be on location for six weeks. Sometimes I wonder what good it does me to have a home! Then I get to thinking about Lillian and the kids and it seems it's pretty nice to have a family and home to come back to at the end of the day—especially when it's a family and a home like this."

Editor's Note: As we go to press, the Dennis Morgans have become the proud parents of another baby—a boy. This is their third child.



Can twins be divorced?



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Advice to Wives from Rosalind Russell

Continued from page 45

crisis. It is a fifty-fifty proposition, this sharing, for men and women. Men are working with their brains, their hands, and risking their lives. Women must put their souls into their job of keeping up a brave front, of making home and country worth fighting for. With heart-breaking separations, and life's routine interrupted, it isn't easy. I know. But definitely, we must not weep, nor moan, nor complain.

"Already within these few months of war we find a difference in the feminine attitude. The idle, petted darlings have grown up, whether they wanted to or not, and they are getting a bang out of discovering talents and abilities they didn't know they possessed. I've always believed that people enjoy working if they can find congenial work, something that stimulates their initiative. Today they have a terrific incentive—*freedom!*

"Every woman," Rosalind continued, "regardless of environment or capabilities, can find some specific way to help in the war activities. There are several things, I think, that every wife should consider. She should meet each emergency gallantly, so that her husband may carry this memory with him. She must keep the home spirit, and her marriage intact, so they can be resumed when the time comes. She must do her part in keeping the world normal. She must keep up her morale because she is to be the inspiration for the men at the front. She must be alert to every call her country makes on her, for indifference and apathy are the poisons that will prolong the struggle. Making dates? That is an individual matter which each must decide. I'd say, if there is faith and trust, this doesn't become a significant issue.

"Mothers have an important pattern to follow for it is up to them to maintain a well-balanced home life for their children and not let them become warped with over-disturbed nerves. Every mother should strive to carry on the best cultural traditions of our American life, and to encourage the idea of up-building when the war is over. It will be this younger generation that must aid in bringing the world back to a sane and healthy basis. We missed the opportunity for preparing for war during times of peace. Now, let us prepare for

peace that follows victory, even while we are fighting for victory.

"During my visits to various camps I find the soldiers are fighting for mother and home, and also, for the girl and home they dreamed of having of their own—someday. Almost every soldier carries a picture of his mother tucked in his wallet, and usually one of his best girl, too. This is what makes patriotism a concrete issue with them."

It was following a romantic courtship that this Number 1 Bachelor Girl and Freddie Brisson were married last October 25th, in the California Mission of Santa Inez, founded in 1804, and surrounded by its century-old gardens. Soon after their return from a honeymoon in Cuba, came the tragedy of Pearl Harbor that swept the country into war, and like thousands of other couples, all their rosy dreams and plans were suddenly changed. Freddie went into the Air Force, Rosalind gave up her big home and moved into an apartment. Now, with her husband stationed at Santa Ana, sixty miles from Hollywood, they have taken a cottage at Laguna Beach where they spend every possible hour together. Rosalind admits she's not the weepy type, and she has bolstered up her emotional control which she hopes and believes will sustain her when the real separation comes. The Brissons have banned all gloomy talk and adopted the rule of *planning for their future*. This, they insist, is a remarkable safety valve.

Too, Rosalind keeps busy, and with her enthusiasm and efficiency, she is doing great work in various war activities. She has visited many camps, she sells bonds, appears at benefits, belongs to nine Hollywood committees, and trains regularly with the Women's Emergency Corps.

Said Rosalind, "I shall continue making pictures because the more I make, the more money I can give to Uncle Sam, and I believe everyone should cut down expenses as much as possible and invest in bonds. Every time I buy a bond I think of it in terms of saving a life. Think of it, saving a life by merely curtailing a useless luxury! With our boys giving up their precious lives, we at home certainly should never quibble over economies. In my own juggling to establish



You've never seen so many important movie stars together in one picture as will be playing in "Star Spangled Rhythm," in which seventy famous film folk appear in cast and three famous screen beauties, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard and Dorothy Lamour, reading from left, center, vie for top honors in one number. Albert Dekker, Lynne Overman, at the mike, and Bing Crosby are shown with the trio of glamor girls on the set, between scenes.



You'll get beauty and glamor by the carload in "Star Spangled Rhythm," all-star musical in which Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake, posed above, appear together.

a constructive saving, I find I am unloading a lot of dead-wood. I vow, I'll never be a 'collector' again!

"I'm tremendously optimistic regarding the stamina of American women. Already, they are learning to conserve, to sacrifice, and not fuss about it. With their splendid sense of humor they'll probably make a game out of economizing. We'll be vying with each other in making over our clothes, boasting that—'This is last year's frock, and doesn't it look ducky?' And we'll gleefully turn our hats around, creating new angles that will arouse the envy of our friends. Anyway, it will develop new ingenuity. And be fun. Oh yes, I found in my visits to the camps that the soldiers like to see women in feminine clothes, not slacks or uniforms. They adore picture hats, and veils, lots and lots of veils. So let's stay feminine, girls.

"The readjustment after the war," Rosalind continued, after a pause, "will depend on women, for the home, that sacred spot that spells a haven of security, will take on new value for every man. Women must appreciate this, and I know they will. They may prove their abilities in mechanical and business avenues because of present necessity, but when the men come back and can take over these jobs, women must see that their top rôle is to keep the home fires burning. Honestly, I believe America will become more of a home-land than ever before.

"Sure, I can be serious!" Roz bristled a bit when I chided her. Then she added gaily, "But I'll always like making screen comedies. In 'Take a Letter, Darling,' I lorded it over a man secretary, and did I have fun! In 'My Sister Eileen,' I meet up with amusing incidents as I try to win fame in the Big City as a working girl. I'm hoping I can take a tab version of this picture to a number of Army camps before I start my next. It is such a gay comedy that I feel it would do much to boost the morale. My next film will be the story of Amelia Earhart, 'Stand by to Die,' and naturally, will have a serious angle. I'll enjoy this for a change. However, the screen will continue to offer plenty of laughs, and so dispel the gloom and help bring peace. *Real* peace, to the world!"



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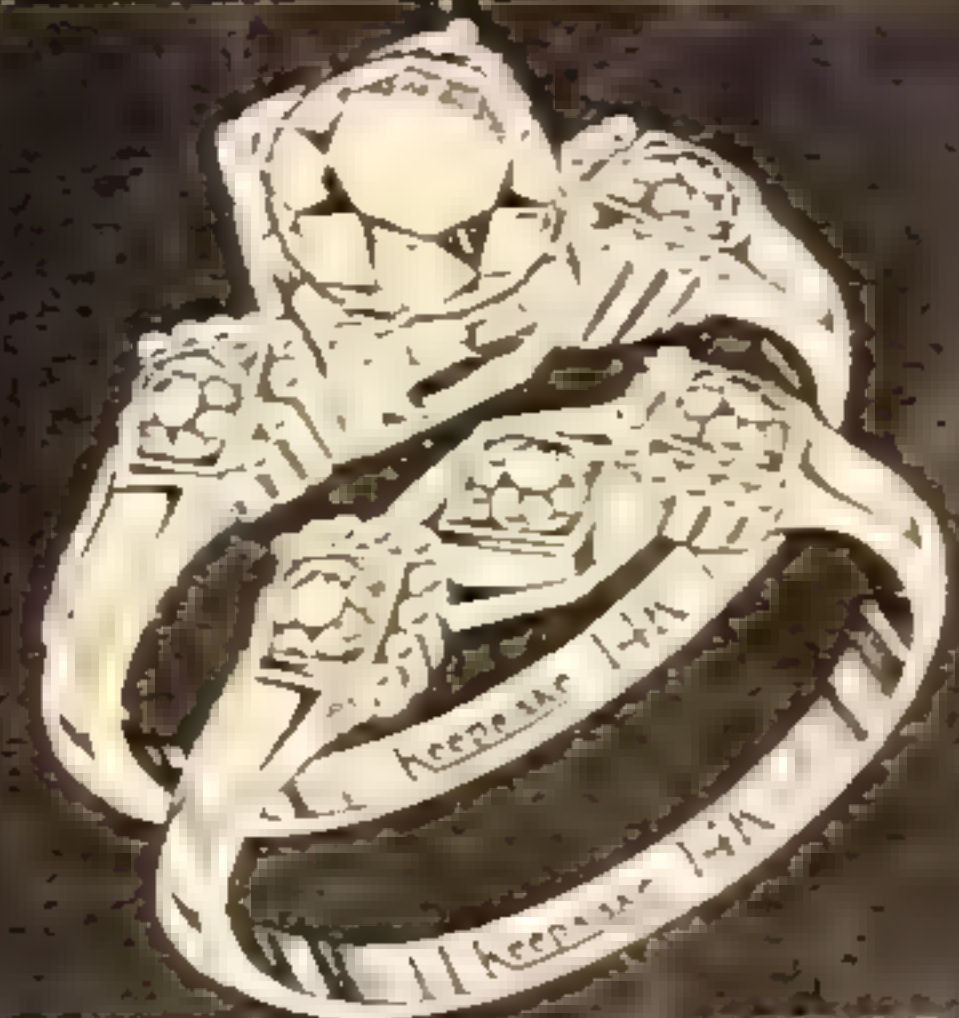
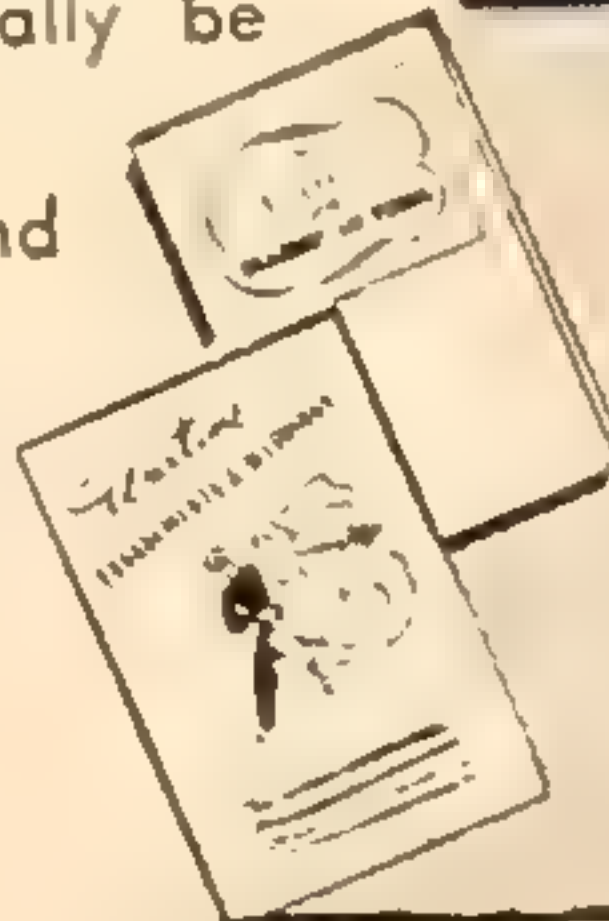
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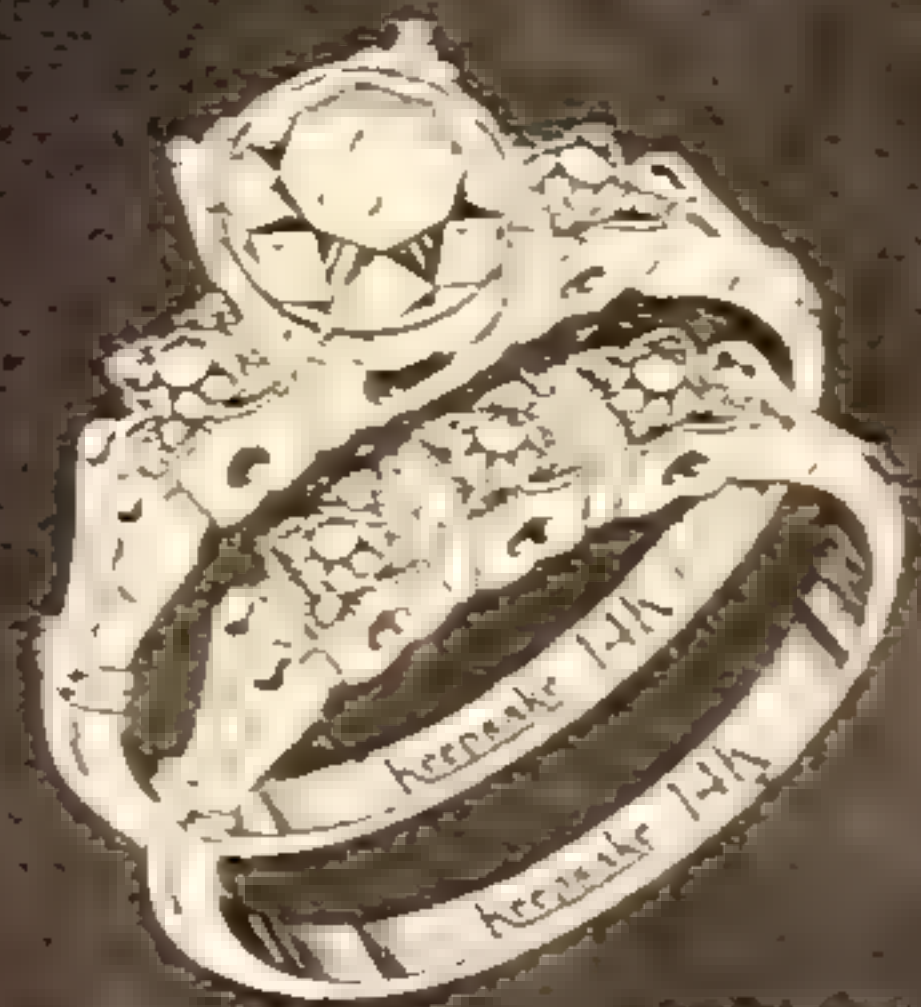
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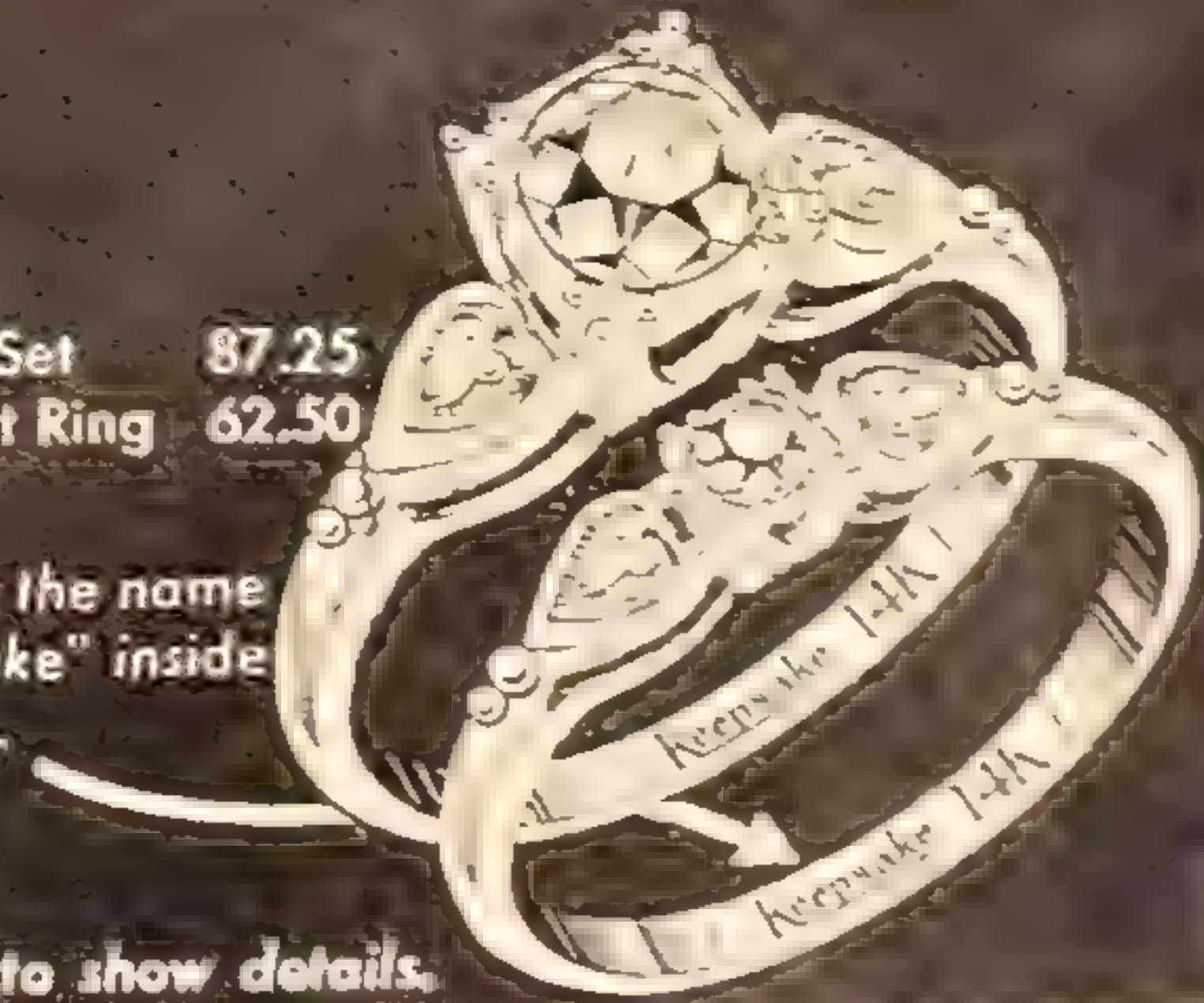
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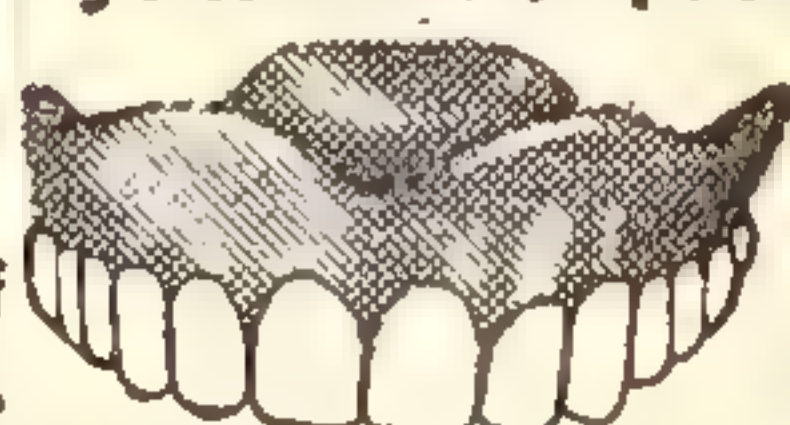
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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

Mashed potatoes
Green tossed salad Cranberry jelly
Sour cream biscuits
Holiday Delight
Fruit Coffee Nuts

OYSTER DRESSING

Mix 1 cup soft breadcrumbs with 4
teaspoons melted butter, 1 1/3 cups
drained California oysters, 2 table-
spoons milk, 1/2 teaspoon black pepper,
1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon chopped
parsley and 1 teaspoon onion juice.

"For the Hawaiian sweet potatoes, you
peel and cut up six boiled sweet potatoes,
place a layer in your baking dish, cover
with crushed pineapple (Dole), then an-
other layer of potato, cover with currant
jam, then more potato; pour over a little
melted butter and cover with marshmal-
lows," instructed Mrs. O'Brien, "then set in
oven until marshmallows are melted."

Maybe you think string beans are just
string beans, but not so at the O'Briens'.
String beans are sliced fine and served with
a cream sauce flavored with spiced vinegar.
The vinegar is heavily spiced and you use
just enough to give the sauce a taste.

"If Old Man Rationing or the priorities
or something make pineapple too scarce,"
contributed Virginia, "we will have the
most ornamental vegetable platter I know
of. You take a large silver platter—I don't
insist on silver—and set a whole cooked
cauliflower in the center. Cover the cauli-
flower with Hollandaise sauce and have a
half-moon of string beans on the other.
The color scheme is luscious."

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup cold water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
3 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon paprika
3 egg yolks

In small saucepan, place salt, pap-
rika, water and egg yolks. Stir
thoroughly. Add butter. Five minutes
before serving lower the pan into boil-
ing water and stir briskly and con-
stantly. Watch butter and when it is
all melted sauce will start to thicken.
Raise pan from boiling water and con-
tinue stirring, lowering and raising pan
until sauce reaches consistency of soft
custard. Remove from range, stir in
lemon juice and serve.

SOUR CREAM BISCUITS

Sift 4 cups flour with 1/2 teaspoon
soda (Arm & Hammer) and pinch of
salt, and rub into them 2 tablespoons
Crisco. Work to a smooth dough with
1 cup slightly soured cream; roll very
thin on a floured board, cut in rounds
and bake 5 minutes in a hot oven.

M-G-M's favorite little comedienne looks
like a typical American college girl. Her
hair is brown and curly, her eyes are wide
and blue, and she laughs easily. She's much
prettier than she permits herself to be on
the screen.

You never saw a family have such a
swell time together. Since the older sister
Frances married, there are only father,
mother, Virginia, and Mary at home, but
you'd think there was a party in the house
when these four sit down to table. Gales of
laughter threaten to burst the dining room
walls. They are each other's best audience,
and what a home-training that turned out
to be!



Dick Mook, writer, keeps his five-year-old
promise to Ray Milland to make shrimp, as
you get in Arnaud's, New Orleans, for him.

It isn't what they say, so far as I can dis-
cover; it's the little things they do, the
varying expressions and gestures. I caught
it and so would you. You simply die when
they clown, but it doesn't sound funny writ-
ten down.

"Panama Hattie" had just been sneak-
previewed, and four studio executives called
up in turn to tell Virginia she was a smash
hit. Virginia, so far as I could observe, did
nothing but lie on the couch with the tele-
phone, saying "Thank you" with gestures.
But oh, what screen audiences missed!

If she is half so amusing in "Du Barry
Was a Lady" you're going to ache from
laughing for three days after you see the
show.

The O'Briens built their roomy white
house in the valley seven years ago, when
all three girls were at school. Purple lan-
tana and pink geraniums twine around the
white picket fences. All the rooms have that
lived-in look. "This is where people have
fun" they seem to be saying.

There's a war going on, so the silver gray
drapes are reinforced with midnight blue
black-out curtains, which make an interest-
ing effect. There are big fireplaces in
both living room and playroom. The play-
room, by the way, was a patio and lawn
when the family moved in, but Mr. O'Brien
developed it into the present knotty pine-
walled, half-tile, half-brick floored place for
recreation and study. Everybody's hobbies
are housed here—father's "Navy books"
(Mr. O'Brien, a deputy district attorney, is
about to become an officer of the Merchant
Marine and engage in his third war),
mother's string rugs, Virginia's piled-up
press books and fan mail, Mary's collection
of decorated gourds.

Many of the girls' friends are in uniform
now and Virginia spends spare time at
Army camps entertaining. They expect to
welcome Army, Navy, Air Corps and
Marine servicemen at many a party this
holiday season.

You'd know they wouldn't do things the
same way other people do even when it's
games. The O'Brien girls just now turn
almost everything into relay races. You
play gin rummy as a relay race, if you're
at their house. For this, guests are divided
into two teams and tables are set up in both
living room and playroom, and numbered.
You are supposed to play your game as
fast as you can; the winners of the first
table through get into a second game with
the winners of the first table that finishes,
and the idea is to get through the required
number of games ahead of all the rest. You
change partners each time and your tally is
credited with "first" finishes, wins, and
scores.

"The Game," known also as "quotations,"

a form of charades, is also done as a relay race. Two teams are formed. An umpire makes out a list of slogans, quotations, picture titles, or whatever is decided on, and stands with them in the hall. His partner plays exciting, swift-tempo music. The teams take over two rooms and the captains of each one dash to the umpire for the first title. Each gets the same title, and the idea is for each team to choose someone to act out the title, then have the rest guess. The minute a team guesses, its captain dashes out for the second title. The team finishing first wins.

Very likely, there will be an overflow of young guests coming in after the holiday dinner, so Virginia plans to serve buffet supper later. If coffee is rationed by that time, she thinks she'll serve fruit punch and soft drinks, turkey sandwiches and some grand little tidbits that have that "different" flavor.

Crowds at the O'Briens' have a way of growing and the housekeeper has discovered a way of keeping up with them by expanding viands. *Knox Spread* will augment butter, make it easier to spread and add some of those talked-about vitamins.

KNOX SPREAD

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 1/4 cup cold water
 1 lb. good butter
 1 pint milk

Soften gelatine in water, then place in a dish of hot water and stir until gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Cut butter in small pieces, place in dish over hot water until quite soft, but don't melt. Gradually whip milk and gelatine into butter with egg beater or electric mixer. Add salt to taste. Pack into dish and place in refrigerator until firm.

Some of these "different" sandwiches, which are cut into fancy shapes have these fillings:

CHUTNEY FILLING

1/4 cup Knox Spread, 1/4 cup chopped fruit from chutney, 6 tablespoons chutney juice.

Cream the spread, blend in juice and fruit. Set over hot water and stir for a moment until spread is dissolved. Chill until ready to serve.

PARMESAN CHEESE

1/4 cup of the spread, 1/4 cup Blue Moon Parmesan cheese, dash of cayenne, few drops of Worcestershire sauce, 1/3 teaspoon Gulden's mustard.

Cream the spread, blend with cheese and remaining ingredients. Keep in refrigerator until ready to use.



Ray not only made Mook keep promise to prepare dish for him, but made him serve it to him in privacy of his dressing room, too.

Gene Autry's Advice to Youth in War Time

Continued from page 39

"When the news about Pearl Harbor came, I was at the Columbia Broadcasting Station rehearsing for a broadcast. The engineer came into the room where I was and told us the news. All that day and all night I kept my ear glued to the radio for news—just like everyone else in America. And like everyone else, I knew that war would be declared. But I couldn't enlist right away. There were many things at stake that had to be straightened out."

There was Gene's contract with Republic. There were the pictures—the Gene Autry box-office pictures—that had been promised the exhibitors. There was the question of Gene's personal income. When he stopped working for Republic, his income from pictures would cease, but he would still owe his income tax. It was a tax Gene was proud and happy to pay—but did he have enough money to pay his tax after his movie income ceased and also to see his wife through these perilous times? And how would *she* feel about it? They'd been married for ten years, and she'd stuck by him loyally through thin times and good ones. She knew about the time when Gene had written "Gene Autry, America's biggest flop" on his dressing-room door and decided to become a baseball professional. And she'd seen him become one of America's greatest successes. She'd been beside him, encouraging him, inspiring him, helping him all that time. He'd never done anything important without consulting her. His heart told Gene what he must do now. But he knew how hard it would be to say goodbye to Ina Mae, his wife, the only woman who had ever been important in his life. What would she say when he told her it was his duty to go?

There was Gene's rodeo show, which was worth about \$150,000. And there were the boys who counted on it for work to do each year. There was the problem of getting somebody to run it.

There was Gene's radio show.

And there were the people whom Gene calls his family, though they're no blood kin to Gene. They are the people who have worked with him for seven or eight years—his secretary and other people who take care of inquiries about Gene, photographs of Gene, his fan mail, and so on. "I couldn't leave them hopelessly stranded without jobs," Gene told me.

All those problems had to be solved—and were.

Republic Pictures? The men at the head of that company know that Gene may never be able to make another picture for them until the war is over. But they feel, as Gene does, that the Republic of the United States comes ahead of Republic of Hollywood.

If the Army allows Gene to take off a few weeks to make one or two pictures a year, Gene will be in there pitching. If it doesn't want him to make pictures while he's in service, that's all right with Gene, too.

His rodeo has been combined with the Madison Square Garden Rodeo, and will be run by Everett Colburn of Madison Square Garden. And Gene, who is shrewder than a Yankee horse trader when it comes to business, received a certain share in the stocks of the new and enlarged rodeo. This new rodeo will now be the largest one in the world!

But when it comes to the Army, Gene forgets all about being a good business man. "If the Army lets me make a personal appearance at the rodeo in New York this

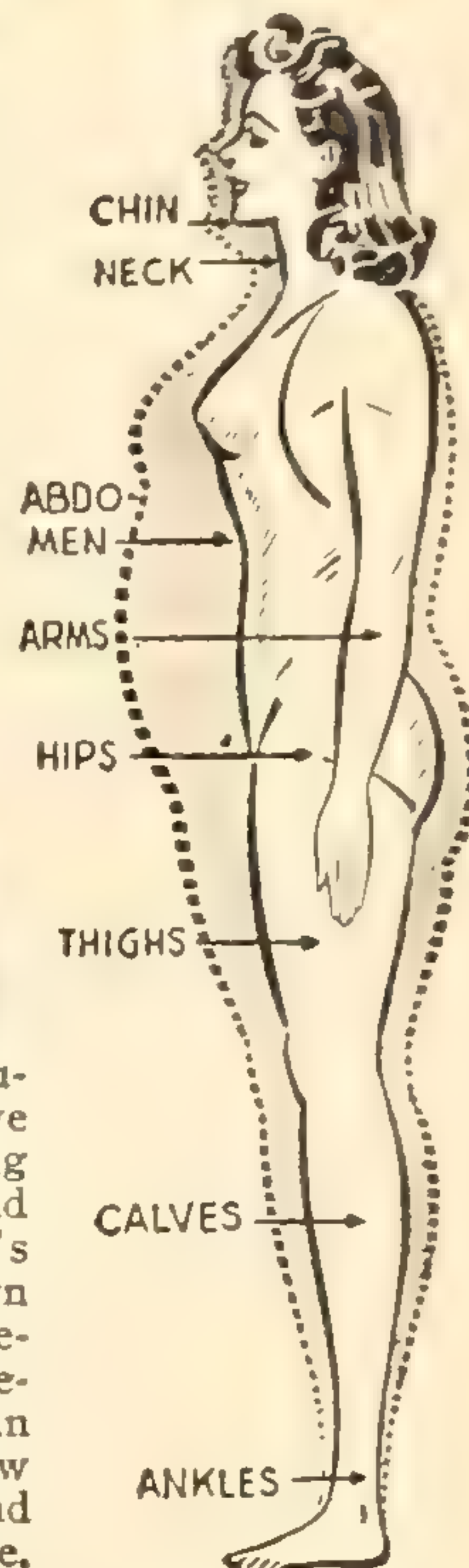


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At farewell party for Leo Brody, junior executive of Paramount Pictures in New York, before his induction into the Army, Barbara Britton, beautiful starlet, was decorative guest.

Fall, the money I get for it will all go for Army relief."

No doubt, if Gene gets his cherished wish, that will be a sizeable chunk of money.

Gene has talked to his company, Republic, about taking care of "his family" and keeping them together. And it seems very probable right now that Republic will keep his secretary and the other people who take care of Gene's fan mail. They know that they have a great investment in Gene—and one that will pay huge dividends when the war is over. So Republic may pay the salaries of these people. If it doesn't, they still won't face the loss of their jobs! For Gene will not let them go. By hook or crook, if Republic doesn't pay their salaries, Gene will.

His radio show?

"I think I may be able to continue those, for they come on Sundays. The Army realizes morale is worth something, and for morale and the kids who like me, I'll carry on my radio programs if I can. They say I have 35,000,000 kid followers, and I think it's important that they be entertained.

"In some respects the program won't change. But I think it's important that the youngsters of America realize what the Air Corps means and I hope we will have true stories and incidents in my program about the Air Corps."

Gene need not have feared what his wife's reaction would be. On the day he first told her that he thought he ought to join, she looked at him with eyes that were bright with her faith and pride in him. And if there was a hint of unshed tears in those eyes, a mere man wouldn't notice that. But Gene heard the ring of pride in her voice, when she said softly, "If that's what you want to do, then it is what you should do, I think."

Gene said to me, "She wants me to do what I think is right. And I think joining up is right."

Already Gene's action in joining the Air Corps has inspired other young men to do the same thing. For instance, there is Carl

Cotner, who has been his stand-in for four years. Carl is a slim, handsome chap, about the same build as Gene. He's twenty-six years old. He used to know Gene in the days when both of them were appearing over the radio over stations WLS in Chicago and over WHAS in Louisville, Kentucky. In those days Gene played the guitar and sang, and Carl Cotner used to play the fiddle for Gene. A few months ago, when Gene was in Washington with Carl Cotner (both men were appearing in a rodeo there) Gene told Carl that he intended to sign up. And Carl got interested. So now that Gene has been accepted, Carl intends to enroll, too.

On the set of "Bells of Capistrano," I talked to Carl and also to Smiley Burnette, who has been with Gene for twelve years—four years in radio and eight years in pictures. A Gene Autry picture without Smiley Burnette in it for comic relief just wouldn't seem right. Smiley has been in every Gene Autry picture since they first made "In Old Santa Fe" together.

"I feel kinda lonesome already, thinkin' how it will be without Gene," Smiley told me. "Only last night he and his wife had dinner at my home, and I ran off records from our first picture, 'In Old Santa Fe,' which we made with Ken Maynard. They were records of Gene singin' *In Old Santa Fe* and me singin' *Mama Don't 'low No Music*. It was kinda fun, listenin' to those records and reminiscin' about the old days. But there was kind of a catch in my throat when we got through, knowin' it might be a long time before Gene and I would be together again. Still, whenever Gene gets ready to make pictures again, I'll be waitin' for him."

Republic hasn't quite solved the problem of what it's going to do with Smiley now that Gene will be gone. Gene has been urging that they star his friend. Smiley himself doesn't insist that they make him a star, but he did say to me, "I hope they use me as comic relief in a feature picture—not a Western. I don't want to play second fiddle to a new cowboy. If they starred me in

comic Westerns, that would be different. But Gene is the only person I'd want to play second fiddle to in a Western. Of course, I'm under contract for a year, and they could make me do it, but then I'd quit Republic at the end of the year if they did that. For I couldn't appear in everybody's Westerns, and if Gene came back to make a picture, I'd want to be free to be in his, not someone else's. Sure, Republic could have the body but not my heart if they made me play stooge to some new cowboy. My heart would not be in it. My heart is with Gene."

I said, "Maybe you'll be joining Gene in the Army."

There was a wistful look in Smiley's eyes. "I'm afraid not," he said. "You see, I have five dependents, a girl of four and a boy of two, my wife, my mother and father. Then I'm about 70 pounds overweight and probably I wouldn't pass the I. Q."

Smiley was trying to put the whole thing on a light plane when he ran down his intelligence quotient, but I could see he was deeply moved. For after all, one of the best friends he has in the world is joining the Army, and Smiley can't follow him.

Well, after that I talked some more to Gene. "How do you feel about the conscientious objectors?" I said.

I was thinking of Lew Ayres, but I didn't mention his name, for I knew it wouldn't be fair to ask Gene to pass judgment on the action of a fellow actor.

Maybe Gene knew I was thinking of Lew. Maybe not. Anyway, he said, "I disagree with the conscientious objectors. Oh, I know it's a wonderful theory—that if we all threw away our guns, wars would be over. But I don't believe it. I'd like nothing better if it were true. But if we threw away our guns, other countries would step all over us. They wouldn't throw away theirs. However, nobody has a right to criticize a conscientious objector if that is his honest belief. For that's what we're fighting for—so that every man can be free to say what he really thinks."

Then I asked Gene if he wouldn't give some advice to young men. I reminded him of the time a few years ago long before the dark shadows and clouds of war crept over our country, when I asked his advice to young men for this magazine. And he'd given serious, inspirational advice: such simply homely advice as Be sincere, don't be too quick with the wisecracks, don't be afraid to start with a small company—things like that.

"Would you add anything now that we're at war?" I asked.

"Yes," said Gene. "I think every man regardless of his position or social standing should do what he can to help win the war. I don't mean every man must shoulder a gun. It's entirely up to the individual and his draft board where he'll fit in best—shouldering a gun or working in a plant that's helping win the war or doing some essential work for civilians. Every young man should give everything he can to the war effort. We need specialists as much as men in front lines. All I say is, do everything you can to help win the war."

"If you join the Army or Navy, don't mind starting at the bottom. To learn something, you've got to start at the bottom and work up. We can't all be generals or admirals."

"It's true some people have been appointed to big commissions who don't seem to deserve them. But lots of them deserved their commissions, for they're specialists in their line of business like C. R. Smith (I don't know his full name) who's Colonel of the Ferry Command, a commission he well deserves, for he's president of the American Airlines. He's probably the most up-to-date young man in aviation today. Don't be jealous of the men with big com-

missions. Earn yours and you'll be proud of it.

"Put winning the war ahead of everything else. Everybody ought to be thinking of winning the war instead of anything else. Sure, it's tough for a youngster who's learned a trade or profession at college to give it up to go into the Army. But it's tougher to lose the war. Then what he's learned would be no good to anyone—except maybe the Nazis."

"By the same token, every company with some employees who have enlisted ought to decide to take 'em back when they come marching home from war. I think it's downright un-American not to take these men back."

In addition to parting from friends of long standing, Gene has one four-footed friend from whom he plans to part. That four-footed friend is known to Autry fans the world over. Champ, Autry's well-loved horse, who has been with his master all over the world.

"Champ will be left on Melody Ranch, as my home is called." (Gene's other home was burned to the ground, and only a stump of the old home is left.) "There will be a man to see that Champ gets his oats. I guess," chuckled Gene, "Champ wouldn't do so badly in the war. He's been a flying horse. He's been in planes with me. He's been all round the world with me. But I haven't asked the Army to take him with me now. I think he deserves a rest after being hauled all over the world."

Gene, who has made thousands a week in the past, will work for \$70 a month now—hardly enough to pay for the stamps for letters he sends out. But it doesn't matter. Gene knows how important it is to save America and wants to do his part.

In pictures, Gene has always played a pretty righteous hero, one who wouldn't draw a gun except in self-defense. This war isn't so very different after all. Gene says, "In the Westerns, you're supposed to shoot only for the right and in self-defense. In this war, I figure if I'm called on to shoot or throw bombs, it will be in self-defense. We didn't start the war. Our enemies did."

"I don't hate the Japs as a race, or feel that all Germans are necessarily skunks. Their leaders, yes. But maybe they're not all anxious to make war on us. Maybe if it was put to a vote, they'd have voted against it. Hating everybody isn't going to settle the world's troubles. We're fighting more for what we love than against what we hate. But we've got to shoot first and talk afterwards. Then maybe we can make a deal where everyone's happy. And I think after the war's over, maybe America will have to police the world. We didn't after the last war, and look what happened."

Then Gene grinned, a bit shamefacedly, as if he felt that the subject was too deep. His job, he feels, is doing what he can in the war effort right now. After that, the big statesmen can solve world problems, or at least try to do it.

"I first asked to enroll in the Air Corps in May, when I was in Washington," Gene told me. "They just smiled and said, 'We'll let you know.' About a month ago, I was accepted."

"I'll be proud to wear the Army Air Corps uniform. Of course, on account of the fact that I haven't been out of cowboy clothes for about eight years, it's going to seem a little funny at first wearing a uniform, but I'll get used to it. You know, like I once told you, in the past eight years I've never worn a business suit or any suit of clothes except my cowboy suits, because I figured my fans might become disillusioned if they saw me wearing street clothes. But a uniform is different. I figure a uniform is the one suit of clothes I can put on these days that won't disillusion anyone."



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That New Blonde!

Continued from page 35

—and the discovery that she had a temper which required stifling. She promptly stifled it and has been stifling it, at odd moments, ever since.

By the time she went into "Scaramouche" she had conquered her gorge and was as amiable as a Cheshire cat. She got seven dollars for her work in "Revelation," but in "Scaramouche" she got a great deal more. Approximately twenty dollars more, to be exact. It promptly joined the seven dollars and various other sums she'd accumulated through recitals, etc., in her personal bank account. She never had a piggy bank. She never even had a pig.

After her initial success, she wanted to go right on with her picture career, but Dr. Harry Goodspeed said, "No," very firmly. She could play bits during the vacation seasons, if the opportunity presented itself, but she had to finish her schooling, by parental edict. She picked up bits here and there during the permitted lacunas and increased her mounting store of bullion thereby.

Finishing Los Angeles High School, she began to haunt the studios. One studio she haunted was Samuel Goldwyn's. There was something about the glamor of the sage of United Artists that fascinated her. There was also another reason for her interest in that corporation. She'd applied for work at the Goldwyn casting office and a youthful assistant casting director had told her that she'd never get a contract out of him because movie contracts weren't given for pretty faces only.

She decided to show him who could and who couldn't get contracts. Exactly one year later she got a contract with him. It was a life contract and that's how she became Marjorie Reynolds. His name was Jack Reynolds and they're still married, but enthusiastically.

She began to get work as a dancer, but not at Goldwyn. She went to Paramount, instead, and danced in the line in such gay numbers as "College Humor," "Collegiate," "The Big Broadcast," etc. Paramount's dance supervisor at the time was a young man with the priceless name of Danny Dare. If you ever heard anything cuter than that outside of a Kipling poem, you know too much.

Her husband told her that if she intended to stay in pictures she'd have to do it with her brains and not her gams. Obediently she threw her dancing slippers into a moldy corner of the attic and turned to legitimate stuff. She took up a career of polishing chairs in casting offices until RKO needed someone lithe and frail to add the delicate touch to a Horse Opera and she, breaking fast and holding her speed through the three miles from her home to Melrose and Gower got the job.

She was a solid success in Westerns. Not only was she frail, tender and beautiful, but she could act. There was something of the quality of the frank and open West in her straightforward, forthright personality and it went over big with the Yip-pee trade. Within five years she made forty cliff hangers and had played opposite every top Western star except Gene Autry.

She had more or less resigned herself to a career of smelling moldy hay and bran mash when something startling happened at Paramount. Irving Berlin and Mark Sandrich got together and the result was the script of "Holiday Inn." To make it more terrific, Fred Astaire whipped up eight new routines and Bing Crosby accepted the dual lead with the Omaha Antelope. All Paramount needed was some-

one new and different to dance with Astaire and sing with Crosby.

The catch was that all of these desirabilities had to be incorporated in one carcass. And a NEW one. Ginger Rogers and Rita Hayworth had ridden to stardom on Astaire's flying coattails and Sandrich, as the producer, wanted to develop a new sparkler. Comes now that Flying Young Man With The Daring Ideas, if you'll pardon a new record for the standing broad pun. Ergo, Danny Dare.

Danny'd never forgotten how devastating Marjorie Moore had been in his chorus line. Somewhere back in the multifarious archives of his memory he had filed a mental envelope on her. Aware of the imperative demand for something new, he went out looking for Marjorie Moore.

He found no record of a Marjorie Moore anywhere. He whisked through files, called agencies, only stopped short of the morgue. Just as his hopes of uncovering a new Rogers were fixing to emit a gloomy "Bloop" and expire, someone told him that a girl answering the description he gave was at that moment engaged in single-handedly stemming a stampede over at Monogram.

Danny finally located her at three o'clock the following morning, by telephone. He gave her fifteen minutes to reach his studio.

"I can't do it; I'll come in in the morning," Marjorie protested, sleepily.

"If you've got sense enough to pour beer out of a boot, you'll make it NOW," yelled Danny.

Marjorie made it. When she walked into Danny's studio she found it occupied by one wide awake and excited male (Danny) and one soporific and indignant male (Sandrich). Danny had hauled him out of the Ostermoor, too.

"This had better be good, but VERY good," said he gloomily.

"It will, Butch, it will," said Danny, flipping on a Victrola record. Then he seized Marjorie and went into an Astaire pirouette. At the end of three minutes Sandrich was in the groove. Thirty seconds later he jumped up and cut a rug, himself. He'd gotten a look at Marjorie's China doll face and huge, expressive eyes and capitulated. Or apparently so.

"My garsh!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "Can this baby sing?"

"Sing?" Danny drew a long breath. "Like a teakettle!"



Constance Bennett, in scene with Don Porter, portrays title rôle in mystery film, "Madam Spy," her first movie since birth of her baby.

"Oh, dear!" said Marjorie. "What HE said—"

"Listen, Boss," pleaded Danny, "with that rhythm, how could she help but sing? Besides, she doesn't have to sing—much. People will be listening to Crosby sing. Just so she can make with the mouth—you know."

Sandrich got the point. So did Marjorie. She'd sung a little, in high school, and she had a light, sweet voice. They agreed that she should go to a vocal coach immediately, provided Astaire approved her dancing. The next day he did and she began her voice work. The result can be seen, or heard, in "Holiday Inn." It qualifies as one of the Miracles of 1942.

Put on your tin hats, pals, the chestnuts are going to start dropping. Marjorie Reynolds is, call it corn or what you will, so startlingly normal as to amount to a paradox in Hollywood. She isn't brilliant and says so herself. She isn't overly ambitious and admits it. She doesn't want to have ten children, she'll settle for eight. She doesn't say her married life is perfect, she merely says it's swell. She drives her own car and it isn't a convertible with hot and cold running pedestrians attached, it's a simple, undistinguished business coupé.

She doesn't care for The Strip night life, but not because of her career, her darling little home or the necessity of giving all her spare time to making her husband happy. She'd rather play stud poker. She plays well, if she does say so herself, preferring to apply hunches rather than psychology because it's less of a strain on the cerebellum.

She eats anything she likes because she's on the thin side. She cooks, not because she thinks it's cute, but because she hasn't felt sufficiently affluent to hire a cook, until recently. She doesn't write plays, or poetry, or books, or paint and she doesn't work in her own garden with her little, dimpled hands. Her favorite dessert is cake; any kind of cake. Except cheesecake of the glamor photography school. She says her legs are too skinny for that. For the same reason she wears slacks whenever she can, her sole sartorial indulgence. She owns

more pairs of slacks than she does dresses.

She believes, profoundly, in hanging on to her money. Currently she's buying war bonds. She has very definite likes in men. She likes them around five feet, ten inches tall with dark hair and blue eyes. (The Hollywood draft board had a card which said, "Jack Reynolds, production manager, Goldwyn studios; height, five feet, ten inches; eyes, blue; hair, dark brown.") You run into the darndest coincidences in this business! And now Uncle Sam has a new soldier who is also the proud husband of Marjorie Reynolds.

She reads in bed and she doesn't sleep in the bottoms of her pajamas, or the tops, either, because she prefers a nightgown. She doesn't snore and she never wears a girdle.

"My wearing a girdle would be like putting rubber tires on a canoe," she says. Which probably means she doesn't need one, or wouldn't have any place to anchor it.

She likes to dance, but won't commit herself on whether she prefers to dance with Fred Astaire or Jack Reynolds. She isn't an especially avid jitterbug, but she doesn't pretend she likes old-fashioned waltzes any better than jive. She just likes to dance, that's all.

She likes music, adhering to a middle-of-the-road normality in this, too. In other words, she prefers semi-classical stuff, thus splitting the difference between classics and jazz, or swing. She's going to be normal if it kills her. And me.

There is an unwritten law in Hollywood that being picked by Fred Astaire as his dancing partner, or Bing Crosby as his crooning ditto, is equivalent to being presented with a gold-embossed ticket to fame.

Marjorie not only drew one of these gilded Annie Oakleys, she drew them both. One day she was knocking herself out trying to be glamorous in a pair of leather britches and a hickory shirt and the next she was being tapped for Skill and Crosby, so to speak.

It's things like this which make America the land of opportunity for girls with big brown eyes and dimples and Hollywood the most pleasantly goofy place on earth.

Rudy Vallee's Love Quest

Continued from page 31

really cares about you. Perhaps it will be just the company of the right girl by my side—maybe the pressure of her hand or the feel of her in my arms when we dance or when we embrace. I know the majority of men are not so dependent on the companionship of women as I am. They are perhaps happier for their independence. For I have been very lonely."

It is well known that Rudy was married several years ago. He married a tall beautiful brunette, Fay Webb. A girl, his friends say, who was swept off her feet by Rudy's fame, rather than by Rudy himself. Be that as it may, Rudy built a palace of pink stucco for his bride. He enshrined her in its luxurious elegance. Theirs promised to be the perfect marriage. And when it suddenly terminated, Rudy never quite recovered from the shock, the hurt. Her death years later was a second blow. Today, he admits, "I was terribly hurt—but I am not cynical. I know that the thing I want most will be for me if I keep striving to find it."

Rudy himself explains this preference for feminine companionship. "The men I work with in pictures and on the radio often wonder why I don't loll around with them, join their stag nights. If they could have been me all the years when every night I played

with orchestras, and stood from ten in the evening until the wee small hours of the morning, watching other young men dance by me holding in their arms the most beautiful creatures that my eyes had ever seen, and when the band would go outside for a breath of air—alone and at a distance I had to watch them arm in arm under the moon, then they'd understand!

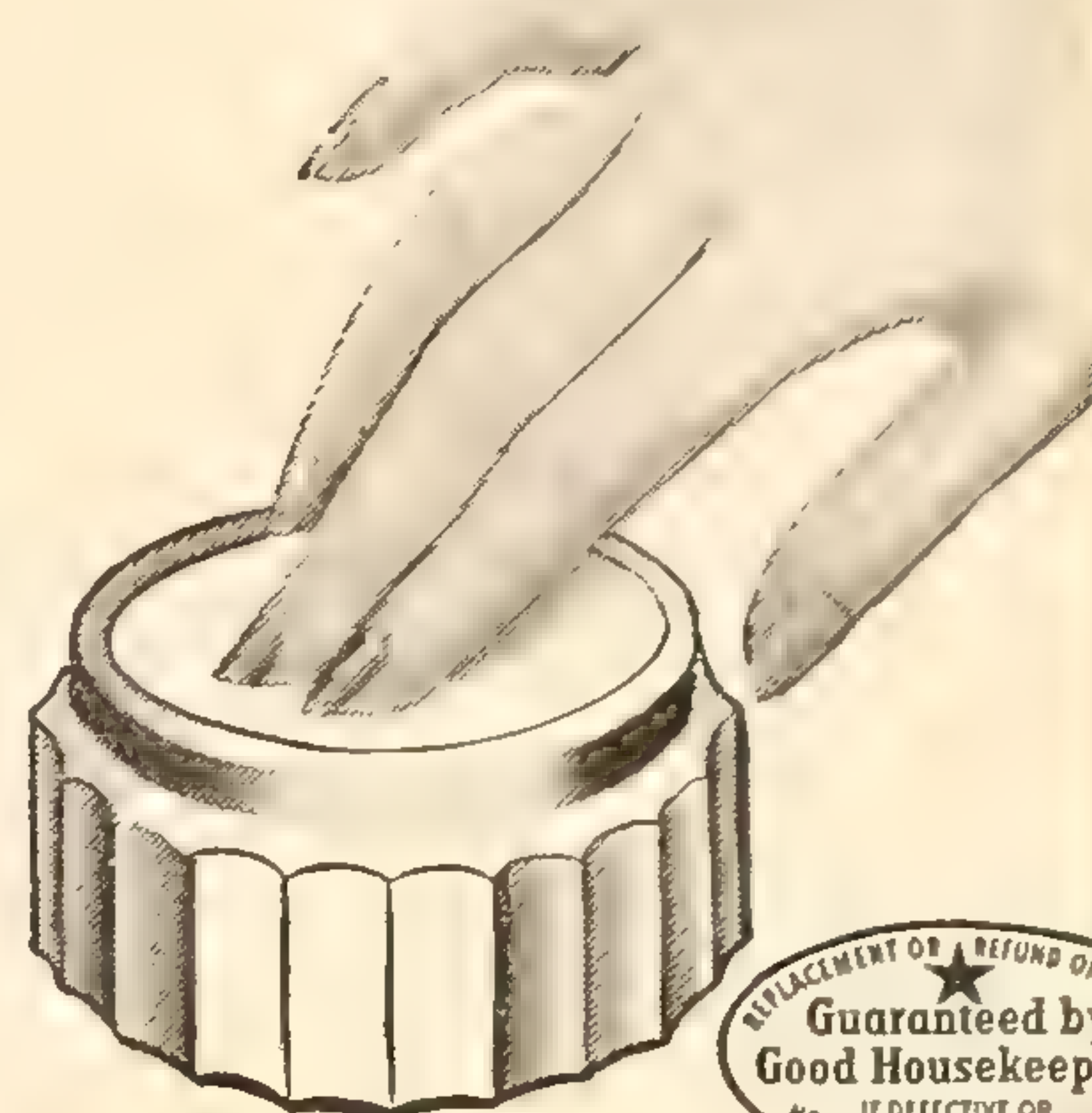
"Part of my life has been spent watching other men with beautiful women—returning the ardor of the men with whom they were dancing, nestling close with eyes closed, cheek to cheek, wrapped in bliss, waltzing to the strains of my music. I was always the onlooker.

"I certainly wouldn't presume to define love. But I do expect and want it to be natural that the girl who says she loves me should keep a certain warmth and sweetness for me alone. The girl who gushes and throws herself with abandon into the arms of any man she dances with, disproves for me the statement that she loves me only.

"I believe that if we consider the search for happiness down to the ultimate analysis, happiness is found in the companionship of someone to care for and to do for and to be loved by."

Rudy is sincere in expressing his

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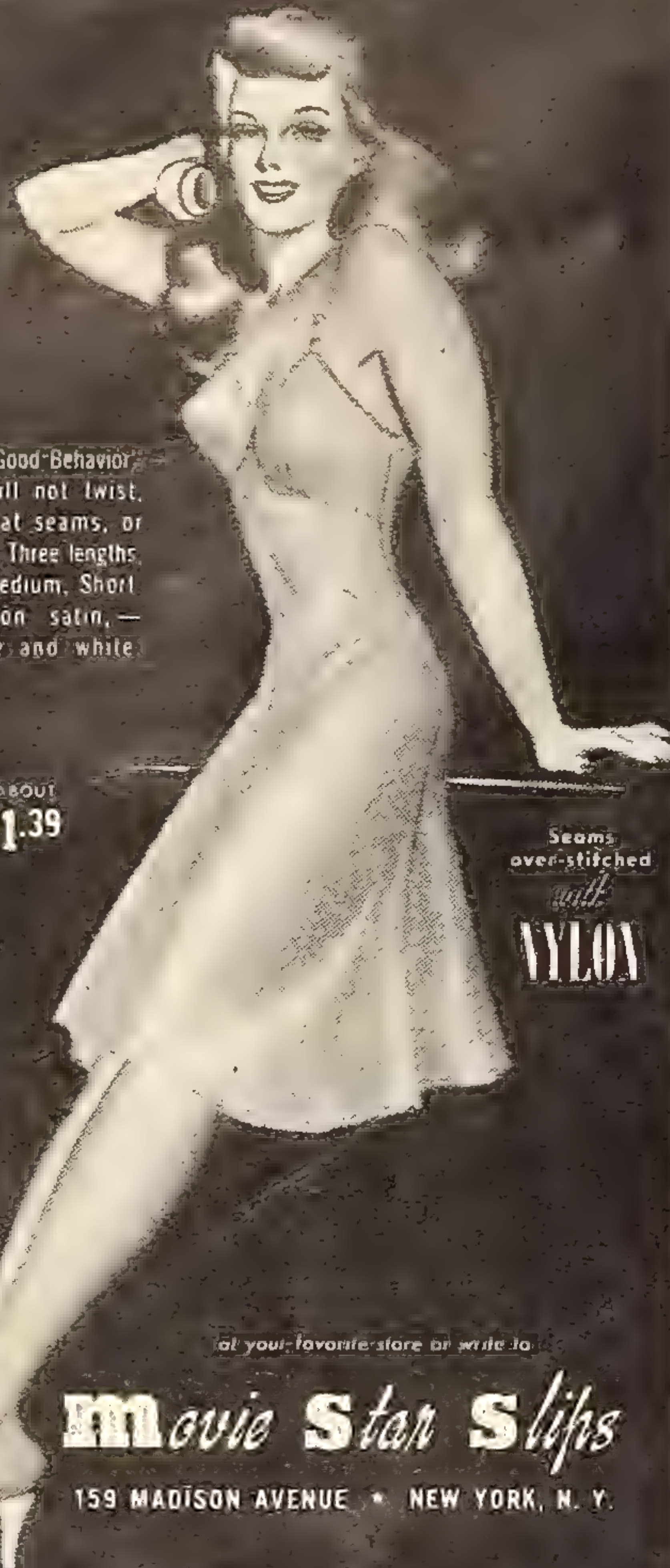
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thoughts. But he doesn't believe a gentleman recites his experiences with women or name them. So he doesn't. But it is known in Hollywood that Rudy has sought and in turn has been sought by many of the film belles. Alice Faye, whom he brought with him as a featured songstress with his band, when he entered movies, long carried a torch for Rudy. In his book he mentioned only one girl Mary Brian. He wrote he had many happy times with her. Pat Dane was Rudy's steady date for a couple of years. But with all of the gorgeous beauties Rudy has known, perhaps none reserved for him alone their entire attention, which was probably divided on a career—or that certain warmth and sweetness that he expresses. Rudy is very certain, however, that he will not let himself in for hurt again.

When Gene Tierney first came to Hollywood, Rudy saw her entering a night club. "There is a girl I must meet," he exclaimed impetuously. He not only met Gene but he plied her with flowers and perfumes and records. "There is a girl I'd like to marry if I can win her," Rudy added. Gene reflected culture and refinement distinguished by her beauty. But the capricious Gene was quite the toast of Hollywood. Eventually she married Oleg Cassini. And Rudy's interest had meanwhile turned elsewhere.

A tall brunette type has always appealed to Rudy Vallee. "I admire beauty and physical attraction tremendously. But also I admire a girl who enjoys housework—by that I mean the taking care of and running of a home. I would want to feel that the girl I love, loves me—no matter what our lot together might be. That she will take me for better or worse and be loyal no matter what calamity might befall me."

There is little danger of any severe tests being imposed on the bride of Rudy Vallee in material ways. For he is one of the wealthiest young men in Hollywood. A favorite story concerns an interview between Rudy and Jack Warner, relative to a picture Rudy was to make for Warner Brothers. Rudy is an astute business man. Without help or backing he has made his own way. There was a point of argument concerning the way Rudy was to be presented in a picture. "Now look here, Rudy," Mr. Warner said finally, slightly exasperated when Rudy persisted on a business technicality. "You are a public attraction. But you are not supposed to be a business man. Leave the business end to me."

Rudy thought for a moment and then replied. "Well, I may not be a business man according to your ideas. But I've made three million dollars and they don't give it away. That's good enough business for me."

Completely the business executive, Rudy designs the radio fare for his broadcasts. When it comes to girl singers, musicians and actresses who apply to him for jobs, Rudy ignores their femininity. He requests they make recordings of whatever they propose to do on his broadcasts. In turn he takes the records and spends hours listening to them before making a decision.

Rudy was consistently given singing rôles in pictures. Little was said about his acting ability. "In fact, few people thought I could act. Right from the beginning I've been used to criticism. I have been called everything from a romantic crooner to an upstart from Maine with a set of megaphones and a dripping voice. But if you're in acting business, naturally you want to act."

After a few recent willy-nilly musical movies, Rudy decided to prove his ability as an actor. He tested for character rôles at Paramount and came through in "Palm Beach Story." Then "Happy Go Lucky" to prove his unquestioned ability as a character actor and comedian.

"Of course I don't get the girl—but I do something besides go through motions singing. It is more satisfactory to me."

Rudy may be a sophisticate, but his man-

ner is quiet, unobtrusive and modest with girls. But he's not slow to defend himself at any time with the male sex. Few people know that he is an avid athlete. That he religiously exercises, plays tennis, swims and boxes. That he can beat anyone to the punch and really punch! One surmises that his athletic prowess evolved in the days when hecklers thought crooners were mere pretty boys. Rudy can't be pushed around by anyone. Nowadays no one tries.

Rudy has a cock-suredness in his belief that he can master whatever he sets out to accomplish. There is the story of Artie Shaw's (swing maestro and Lana Turner's ex-husband) début in New York—at a time when Rudy Vallee was Broadway's biggest attraction. Now Artie had played in Rudy's band, before Rudy struck fame. And Artie is a very good clarinet player. But when Artie began swinging his clarinet on Broadway, Rudy nonchalantly picked up the clarinet and played it too—as a feature right along with his singing and his sax!

Six months ago Rudy purchased his house, which was originally built by Ann Harding. Meeting Rudy at the studio, we'd driven up the long winding mountain roads to it. Through the high-steel gates, up the box-hedged drive, onto the turntable which automatically turns cars around on a high precarious knoll. Rudy preceded me up the long stairway into the sumptuous hallway where an oil of Rudy by John Decker, artist pal of the late John Barrymore, hung in stately dignity. From the hall we descended into a luxurious living room—for which Rudy takes none of the credit. "Ann Harding designed and arranged everything." Massive satin upholstered furniture, heavy rugs imported from Persia, and notable treasures of art. The dining room is imposing—resplendent in crystal, velvet, and silvery opulence. Then through the hallways, carpeted in thick, soft red, with rooms and baths, library, cozy nooks on all sides. Down to his office where a secretary sat at her typewriter answering mail.

There were guest rooms and at the extreme northwest was Rudy's private suite—done in blue and beige. In spite of the elegance of the room, it looked homey and lived in. Perhaps because a large picture of Rudy's mother, old-fashioned in its simplicity in a modest frame, stood on a chest of drawers. Nowhere was there a picture of any one of the many glamor beauties Rudy has escorted.

After an inspection tour of three floors of this fabulous house, Rudy turned our course down to the swimming pool, the tennis courts, and thence to a second large building, which quarters his private theater and playroom. A full-size screen and comfortable theater seats make movies a pleasure to watch. Further, the stage has scenery and sets and lights for plays.

The long corridor leading to the playroom was lined with trophies and pictures and honors accorded to Rudy in his fantastic career from soda clerk in a Maine drug store to fame and fortune. Among others was a citation from Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, commending Rudy on his efforts in bond selling and defense work. Rudy has been almost another Bob Hope in making personal appearances for charity and benefits.

"I expect to enlist at any time now," Rudy said seriously at the time of this interview. "I had hoped to make my home complete first—to know that I had a wife here waiting for me. But war doesn't wait on dreams. It is vital actuality. I would have enlisted before now, except I had two more movie commitments. But pictures will not detain me."

"I was in the Navy as a seaman in 1917. In 1934 I was made a Lt. Commander on the Governor's staff of Maine. I don't care about commissions. I want to do my part where I may best fit."

"The Pied Piper"

Continued from page 43

"Did anyone ask you?" he demanded. "You will do me a great favor by keeping your irresponsible conjectures to yourself."

"Yes, sir," Ronnie said politely, picking up the model airplane he had abandoned during the argument.

"Rochester, as I recall it," Howard went on, emboldened by the boy's obvious withdrawal, "is largely an industrial state, although I believe it does grow quite a considerable crop of maize."

He stopped as the older Cavanaughs came into the room and went over to the small radio on the desk. "We ought to be able to get some English news," Mr. Cavanaugh said tensely. "If Jerry hasn't jammed it."

His wife looked up as they heard the sound of enemy planes overhead. "Where could they have been this way?" she asked. "The fighting is all up near Belgium."

"I don't know," Cavanaugh straightened as an English voice came from the radio. "Unless things are worse than we've heard."

Howard got up and walking over to the radio, sat himself squarely and solidly in front of it. This was more like it, this news coming from the British Broadcasting Company. This was an English voice, not one of those foreign ones he couldn't understand. And as they all leaned over attentively, Cavanaugh with his arm thrown around his wife's shoulder as if to protect her from the news he felt was coming, the landlady and an old Frenchman came into the room and listened too.

It was bad, that news, worse than even Cavanaugh had feared. The Germans had broken through, the Maginot Line had crumbled, the enemy had swarmed through to the channel ports and the British were being evacuated at Dunkerque. It was impossible and yet it was true. Then as they stared helplessly at each other came Churchill's voice, and it was like a lifeline thrown out to them.

"We shall defend our island whatever the cost may be." And because it was so calm, so quiet, the voice made the words more awesome than ever. "We shall fight on beaches, landing grounds, in fields, in streets and on the hills. We shall never surrender."

Howard sat straighter in his chair. It was as if twenty years had fallen away from him. Good Lord, he felt as if he wanted to cry as the orchestra began playing *God Save the King* and he stood at attention. It helped being able to scowl ferociously at the old Frenchman sitting tenaciously in his chair.

"We're well out of it, M'sieu'." The Frenchman shrugged. "Let them have their war if they want it. Let them die for whatever it is they're fighting for. You can see for yourself it was a great mistake to try to fight Hitler. He's too strong. We should have made terms with him when we had the chance. Meanwhile, we here, we're pretty lucky. They'll never fight this far south and even if they did, we could all be across the border into Switzerland in a half hour." He leaned forward and tapped Howard's knee. "That's a very comforting thought at our age."

Howard looked at him coldly. "Are you finished?" he demanded, his voice gathering momentum as he went on. "Then allow me to inform you, sir, that if ever again you address one word to me, I shall take the greatest pleasure in thrashing you within an inch of your life." He turned to the landlady. "There's a train for Paris at nine o'clock, isn't there?" And as she started to protest, "I shall be taking it. Please arrange

with the station master for my reservation to London by way of Paris at St. Malo."

"But, M'sieu'!" Madame broke in pleadingly. "You've only been here three days."

"Three days of which I am heartily ashamed," Howard said as he started toward the stairs.

"Mr. Howard!" Cavanaugh took a quick step towards him. "I hope you're not being hasty, because of anything this man has said. I can assure you that no one here believes that you're here for—well, any but the best of reasons."

"No." Howard shook his head. "I'm here because I'm a pigheaded and selfish old man. I offered my services to every department of the government in London. But I was not wanted. I was too old. And so I ran away like a sulky child and I am deeply ashamed of myself."

"But that's not my point, sir," Cavanaugh insisted. "As you say yourself, you're not young—"

"There is no other point," Howard broke in sharply. "Young or old, an Englishman's place at a time like this is in England, and I shall be there in eighteen hours."

He had almost finished packing when the knock came on the door and he opened it to admit Mrs. Cavanaugh. She was a pretty woman and it distressed him to see the lines of fatigue in her face and the desolation in her eyes.

"Mr. Howard," she said tensely, "my husband is an official at the League of Nations, at Geneva, and he has to go back to his post tonight. You see, in Geneva they think Switzerland is very likely to be invaded next and I'm going with him because if anything happened we'd want to be together. I'm not afraid for myself or my husband but there are the children. Would you"—she spoke rapidly, knowing if she hesitated she could not go on—"Mr. Howard, would you take them back with you to England?"

"Do what?" Howard stared at her.

"We're so afraid for them," she went on eagerly, "and it would only be to Plymouth. My sister would meet you there with a car. I know it's asking an awful lot, but—"

"You mean that boy, too?" Howard sounded almost as appalled as he felt.

"Please!" She tried to smile. "He doesn't mean to be rude. He's really a very good child."

"I daresay he is after a fashion," Howard said stiffly. "But I must say—"

"He'll behave, I promise you." It wasn't only her voice that was pleading now; it was her eyes that had changed so terribly in those few hours. "He'll do whatever you say. And you know Sheila, she'd be no trouble whatever."

"Sheila is a very decent sort, I admit," Howard said doubtfully. "But the boy! It wasn't just the matter as to whether Rochester is a state or is not a state. That is a question for the authorities to decide. It was his stubborn, dogmatic attitude!" He looked up sharply as she started toward the door. "Just a minute! Where are you going?"

"It was really too much to ask." Her eyes looked more desperate than ever, with her lips trying to smile that way. "I apologize for bothering you."

"There's no need flying off the handle, you know." Howard resorted to his old camouflage of gruffness. "Those children, are they—er—capable of clothing and unclothing themselves and—er—attending to themselves in the conventional emergencies?"

"Oh, but of course!" Even her eyes were shining now. "Do you really mean—oh, it's so very, very kind of you!"

"Not at all," Howard said uncomfortably. But it wasn't until she had left he realized the enormity of the thing he had undertaken. Eighteen hours alone with



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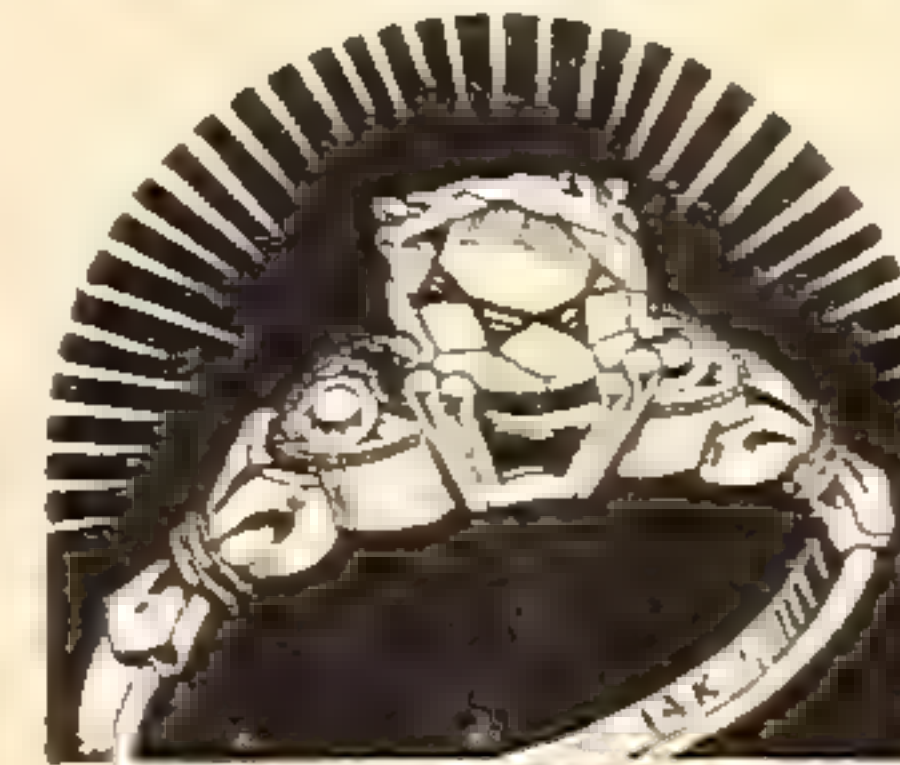
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those children! The thought appalled him.

The goodbyes weren't harrowing at all. The older Cavanaughs had themselves so well in hand that the children had almost the feeling of starting off on a picnic. And it wasn't too bad on the train either, even though Sheila got sick as Ronnie had gleefully predicted she would. It wasn't until they got to the station at Joigny that things began getting beyond him. Howard stared incredulously as Ronnie translated the conductor's frantic instructions. They had to get off because the train wasn't going any farther. Why, it was ridiculous, as Howard tried to shout to the harassed man, their tickets distinctly read Paris and St. Malo!

There weren't any porters to help with their bags and Howard thought this a major catastrophe until he discovered there wasn't a room to be had in the whole town. He and the children would have to spend the night in the station among the tired refugees already huddled there. And to make matters worse, Sheila got sick again. That was almost as bad as hearing there were no more trains running to Paris.

He was conscious of the women looking suspiciously at Sheila's flushed cheeks and feverish eyes and drawing their children away from her. Then a middle-aged woman more courageous than the rest came over and examined her and when she had satisfied herself there were no spots to show contagion, opened her handbag and took out a bottle of medicine. Howard breathed easier when he saw the glaze leave Sheila's eyes and her lips tremble into a smile as the woman sat down beside her and cradled her head in her lap and the little girl with her began singing an old French nursery rhyme. All of them joined in then, making the different animal noises that came at the end of each verse, and at last Sheila began to nod and all of them settled down to sleep, using their bags as pillows.

It was just dawn when Ronnie excitedly awakened Howard, saying there was a bus leaving for Chartres. Howard took heart at that. The Rougerons, the pleasant French family he had met in Switzerland last year, lived there and maybe they could help him get accommodations to St. Malo. He began feeling confident again as he put his fishing rod under one arm and his bags under the other and managed somehow to hold Sheila's hand at the same time as he hurried toward the bus. Most of the people waiting

CAST

"THE PIED PIPER"

(A Twentieth Century-Fox
Production)

Directed by Irving Pichel. Produced and written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson. Based on the novel by Nevil Shute.

Howard Monty Woolley
Ronnie Roddy McDowall
Nicole Rougeron Anne Baxter
Major Diessen Otto Preminger
Aristide Rougeron J. Carrol Naish
Mr. Cavanaugh Lester Matthews
Mrs. Cavanaugh Jill Esmond

at the station had already crowded into it but Howard didn't notice the woman who had been kind to Sheila standing on the corner alone, crying as she waved a handkerchief in farewell.

Howard sighed with relief that they were on their way again as he opened one of his bags and took out some chocolate bars. It was only as the child took one that he noticed the little girl who had sung the nursery rhyme sitting securely between Sheila and Ronnie.

"Where's your mother?" he demanded.

"That wasn't her mother, sir," Ronnie was being very casual. "That was Rose's aunt."

"Well, where is she?" Howard stared around the bus. "Good Heavens, did we leave her behind?" And then as the children giggled together: "What is this? Why are you giggling at each other like that? If there's any funny business here—" He stopped as the little girl, her laughter all gone in her apprehension, timidly gave him a dirty scrap of paper with a man's name and the address of a London hotel written on it.

"That's her father," Ronnie said eagerly. "He's a waiter." And then as Howard glared at him, realizing that he had another child on his hands, the boy went on uncomfortably, "The Germans burned their house down and they didn't have anywhere to go. Don't you see? I told Madame she



Sale of a billion dollars' worth of War Bonds was goal set by Hollywood's "super-salesmen" during September—"Salute-to-our-Heroes" month, of which movie industry was spearhead. Stars detraining, front row, from left: Greer Garson, Ronald Colman, Hedy Lamarr and Joan Leslie; on the steps: Lynn Bari, Irene Dunne, Virginia Gilmore and Ann Rutherford.

should speak to you, but she was so scared."

"Come one, come all, eh?" Howard demanded grimly. "Open the flood gates! Let them all in! All very neatly arranged, eh? Well, perhaps I have something to say on the subject." He tore the paper into pieces, steadfastly ignoring the little girl's troubled eyes. "Does that make it clear?" he demanded. "You understand, my child, that I have nothing whatever against you personally. It is simply that I do not intend to be imposed upon!"

"Rose doesn't understand what you are saying, you know," Ronnie said unhappily. "Then perhaps you will!" Howard glared. "Not to keep you in the dark about it, I do not like children! Particularly you! Nor do I propose to become the Mecca of every unfortunate child in France! When we get to Chartres I shall turn her over to the authorities and leave it to them to get her back to her aunt. That's the only intelligent way to deal with the situation and it's no use crying," he said sharply as he heard Rose's smothered sob. "Tears are lost on me. And eat your chocolate." He looked out of the window as they all began quickly nibbling the chocolate. Out of all the people in the world why should he have become involved, he who never had known how to handle children, even his own? He cleared his throat uncomfortably. "What was the name of that hotel?" he asked.

"The Dickens Hotel, sir," Ronnie said quickly.

"Never heard of it in my life," Howard glared. But the children knew it was all right and now they really began eating their chocolate, relaxed and happy in the knowledge that the danger was passed and Rose was going to be taken care of too.

The bus was making slower and slower progress as the road began filling with vehicles of all kinds, farm trucks, mule carts, broken-down motor cars and perambulators and wheel-barrow pushed by dogged men and women trying to save all that was left to them of their worldly goods.

It was a relief to leave the crowded bus when one of the tires blew out and go down the little bank to the stream, even though any delay meant not only that much more time in reaching England, but that much more danger. Howard leaned back against a tree and closed his eyes in exhaustion as the children paddled in the water. Then he sat up with a start as he heard the planes in the sky rushing towards them.

"Look, they're coming down," Ronnie shouted.

"No, no!" The words were torn from Howard. "They can't! It's impossible."

The screams from the road echoed his voice as three Stukas flew low over it, their bombs dropping and the debris flying upward as they exploded. With a cry he pushed the children to the ground and lay on top of them, shielding them until the sound of the last plane was gone.

There were no more voices, no more screaming as he got up again, but the silence was worse, much worse. He cautioned the children not to look as they climbed up to the road again, but their childish curiosity got the better of them and Howard heard their stifled cries as they looked on the dead man and woman lying beside the wrecked bus. He marched steadily ahead, pushing now and then as the others did to make his way on the crowded road, turning back only to make sure the children were still there.

It was after he turned to the unpaved, rutted road leading from the crowds and the highway that he saw the deserted barn. It was scarcely the Savoy but it would have to do and he led the way inside and lighted the old oil lamp standing there. It was then he saw the new boy standing just inside the door, his blank eyes looking past him, seeing nothing, feeling nothing. Howard looked at the shell-shocked child, his own

capacity for surprise or indignation exhausted.

"Are you with us now?" he asked calmly. "He can't talk," Sheila said softly, taking the boy's hand and leading him over. "His name is Pierre. He told us."

"But he can't talk," Howard looked at her puzzled. "And yet he told you."

"Yes, sir," Sheila said simply and Howard looked at her perplexed.

"He was in the bus, sir," Ronald explained in a whisper. "The dead people were his mother and father. He can't speak since it happened and I don't think he can hear either."

"I see," Howard pulled the small automaton toward him, his eyes shrinking from the shock in the small, blank face. "Ronnie, perhaps you'd better take off his shoes and stockings," he said gently.

He lay for a long time after the children had settled down to sleep, then he felt a rustle in the straw and turned to see Ronnie had crawled in beside him.

"Mr. Howard," he whispered. "I'm sorry I was rude the other night about Rochester. I was wrong, you know. It's a very important industrial state. I remember very well now."

"You do?" Howard looked at him in surprise, then he chuckled his pleasure. "Well, I'm not such an old fuddy-duddy after all, eh?"

"I should say not, sir," Ronnie said with conviction.

"Decent of you to acknowledge your mistake," Howard's hand reached out and awkwardly patted his head. "Good night, my boy." And Howard, who had thought he would never smile again, smiled now as he turned over to sleep. That Ronnie was turning out to be an exceptionally nice boy.

It took them two long weary days to reach Chartres. They had found a deserted perambulator and Howard put their belongings in it and pushed it with the children straggling along after him. They didn't look as conspicuously different now as when they had started out. They could have been any of the refugees crowding the road. And he was glad of that, going through country already occupied by the Germans. The best an Englishman could expect would be a concentration camp. Getting to the Rougons now meant more than just being helped on their journey. It was their one chance of safety.

But he hadn't counted on the sudden thrust in his heart when Nicole, the daughter, opened the door. Only last year she and John had been skiing together, had spent all their time together at the small winter resort where they were all staying. And now John was dead, shot down over Helgoland, John his son, who had always been so much closer to him than his daughter married and living in America. This vivid, dark girl brought John back so painfully, but still there was the pleasure, seeing her too. It was unusual for vacation acquaintances to be so cordial, he thought as he turned to greet her mother, coming toward him with her hand outstretched in warm welcome.

"Please," she whispered as she ushered them all inside. "Do not speak English out here. It is not safe for any of us."

Howard hadn't realized that he might be bringing danger to them too and with a mumbled apology turned to leave but she caught at his arm. "No, no!" She smiled. "We must be careful, that is all. Our friends are our friends regardless. But M'sieu'," she stared wide-eyed at the children crowding in behind him, "you did not have these last year!"

He told her how he had accumulated them, presenting them in turn, Ronnie and Sheila and Rose and Pierre. And then his eyes widened as he saw there was one unaccounted for, a small square-set blond boy standing there with the others.

"We seem to have a new one!" He was

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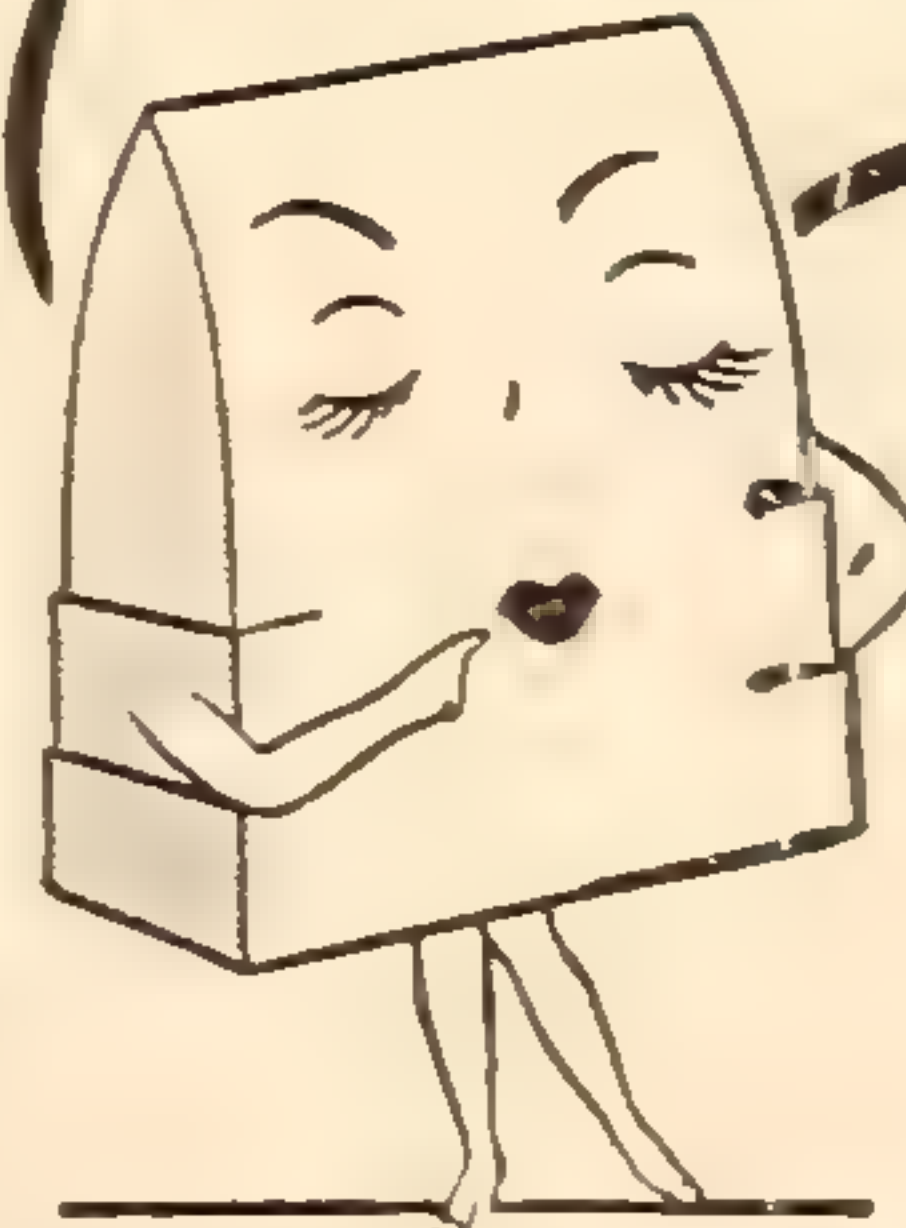


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incapable even of surprise as he looked at the Rougerons.

"He's been with us on and off since yesterday," Ronnie said. "He's Dutch and his name is Willem and he says they threw stones at him in the last town because nobody could understand him and they thought he was a spy."

"I am occasionally seized with the conviction I'm convoying guinea pigs," Howard said as Madame Rougeron herded the children toward the kitchen. He turned to Nicole. "I shan't involve you and your mother. As soon as we're rested a bit, we'll be on our way. I was hoping to see your father."

"We haven't heard from my father for several months," the girl said quietly. "At that time he was with his regiment before Metz."

"You have my sympathy," Howard said. "I have suffered a loss, too. You remember my son John, of course."

"Of course," the girl said softly.
"I—I regret to inform you he is dead." Again there was the old gruffness camouflaging his emotion. "He was in the R. A. F., shot down two months ago."
"Please," the girl said quickly. "Excuse me."

But Howard's thoughts were far away with his son and he didn't notice her tears as she hurried out of the room. And later when she came back he realized he must have slept, for it was dark and the girl had changed the smart dress she had worn before to a stiff, ill-fitting skirt and blouse and a kerchief was tied peasant fashion over her hair. And it wasn't until he had changed into the laborer's smock she gave him and said goodbye to her mother and herded the children to the railroad station, that he realized she was going with them to Brittany where she had said her uncle might help him and the children to get to England.

"But why should you come?" he whispered as they sat on the train at last. "It will be a long and not a very safe trip."

"I had to come," she said simply. "It is a thing that I must do, because of John."

"You remember him kindly, don't you?" Howard asked.

"Yes." She nodded. "His letters. Our last, our only visit to Paris." Then as the old man stared at her in amazement she brushed the tears from her eyes. "It was just before the invasion. We had a—a beautiful three days together. Then he went back. You wait and wait," she went on dully and it was as if it were to herself she was talking. "Day after day, you wait for a letter and then it comes. But it isn't from him. It's from his squadron. So for a long time you don't open it. You sit and hold it in your hand, wishing you never need open it, because you know that a letter from his squadron can have but one news to tell. But then at last you do open it and then after that, your whole world is darker than it was before."

Howard couldn't say anything. He could only reach out and take her hand in his and it was as if she were his daughter as they sat there together.

Even after they arrived in the small fishing village near Brest, even with the English Channel there below them, as they sat on the terrace of her uncle's house, Howard knew they were no nearer England when Nicole asked the man to help him. This was a new France he was in, a France torn with suspicion even of its own kin. For it wasn't only Howard the man was suspicious of. Too many people were collaborating with the Germans for him to trust even his own niece. Yet, at the end the girl's eloquence almost convinced him and he promised he would think it over. And in the morning he told them of the young fisherman who was getting his boat ready to go to England and join the De Gaulle forces and that night they made their way

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through the darkened streets of Brest to meet him at the wharf agreed upon.

It was then Sheila forgot Nicole's warning and spoke English and the girl and Howard glanced fearfully at the German sentry standing nearby, but the man's face was immobile and they breathed easier as they thought he had not heard. And as they clambered down the rocks toward the rickety little dock and the waiting boat, Howard turned to the girl. It was going to be difficult leaving the girl John had loved.

"Won't you come with us?" he asked softly.

"No." She smiled gently. "You have told me yourself, remember, that in times of trouble one should be in one's own country, doing what one can to help. This is where I belong, here."

"But afterward?" he asked.

"Afterward I shall come," she said. And it was as he drew her toward him that they heard the harsh German voices and turned to see the sentry and the military policeman coming towards them with drawn guns.

"This way, all of you!" they ordered.

Less than half an hour later they were ushered into what had obviously been the living room of a chateau, now being used as military headquarters, and Howard stood there glaring as he confronted the arrogant Major Diessen who was in command.

"I suppose you know that Charendon has been arrested," he said.

Howard looked at him bewildered. "I haven't the foggiest notion what you're talking about," he sputtered, all his old irascibility coming back at the man's supercilious voice.

"Nor have you heard of Major Cochrane of Army Intelligence either, I suppose," the German went on. "Your memory obviously needs refreshing. This story you told the police of being an English gentleman travelling across France, anxious to get home, would not deceive a child. And these children are a pretty and most disarming device. Where did you get them?" And then as Howard explained about Ronnie and Sheila, he broke in impatiently, "And the others, friends also, I suppose?"

"The others I know little about," Howard said stiffly. "Except that they were lost and unhappy. It did not occur to me to demand further credentials."

"You insist on that absurd story?" Diessen's cold voice was mocking now. "Before I get through with you, Mr. Englishman, you'll be talking very differently indeed and your memory will be much better."

"If your intention is to frighten me you



Fay Bainter, star of "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," was appointed by Santa Monica's Board of Education to head a "Block Mother" project, a plan to name a house on each block where kiddies may find refuge in an emergency.

are wasting your breath," Howard said quietly.

"I am simply trying to point out how futile it is to lie." The German's pale blue eyes fixed themselves on his. "We know who sent the information of the Fuehrer's visit to the fleet at Brest and why your air force bombed it at that particular time. It was you, you and Charendon. But what we do not know and what you shall tell us is how that information reached England. As soon as it is told, the pain will stop. But not before." He turned to an aide. "Take them away."

Howard was the last to reach the door. "I say." He looked back. "Did they get Hitler?"

"Of course not." The man returned his look contemptuously.

"That's too bad," Howard said.

But his defiance didn't last as they were ushered back into the room which was to be their prison. He didn't care for himself and he was almost certain they wouldn't harm the children but there was Nicole and the young fisherman and the trouble he had got them into. Even their assurances that what they had done was of their own choice didn't help as he began writing a new will and since his daughter had married well, he was leaving everything he had to Nicole so that she could look after the children.

There was hardly time for Nicole and the fisherman to sign as witnesses when the aide came in and said he was wanted and as Howard was ushered into the drawing room again, he saw the Major standing at the tall windows leading to the terrace.

"Look," he said, beckoning to Howard to come over. "A very pleasant garden, isn't it?" And then as Howard nodded, "That is where your friend Mr. Charendon is going to die in just a few minutes unless you decide to help him."

It didn't do any good to insist he knew nothing and Howard's heart sank as he saw the guards bring a dark young man out of the house and the firing squad take its place in front of him. But Howard wouldn't show the German how he felt as the Major forced him to stand at the window. It was only when the command was given and a volley of shots were fired and Charendon dropped to the ground dead that Howard staggered weakly to a chair and sat down, the German looking at him curiously.

"You puzzle me, really," he said. "If you are a spy, at least you are a clever one. What did you intend to do with those children?"

"I don't know," Howard said dully. "I hadn't thought. Send them to America, I suppose. My daughter would have made a home for them until the war was over."

The German laughed ironically. "Are you seriously asking me to believe that a woman in America would take in those dirty little children you picked up? What about Mademoiselle? Were you going to send her to America also?"

"I would like her to go but she has a mother in Chartres and she is returning there," Howard said. Something in the German's manner gave him hope. "Listen," he said. "Let her return to her home and allow the young man to sail to Plymouth with the children and I'll confess to anything you wish. Anything at all."

"Ach!" The Major looked at him baffled. "I simply do not know what to make of you. I can only say you must be a very brave man to make such an offer."

"No, not brave." Howard looked away from his penetrating stare. "Just old. You can do anything you want with me if you only let them go."

"How can you be so certain your daughter's husband will welcome these vagabond children into his fine home?" the Major demanded. "He's an American. Why should he concern himself with European children?"

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"I can only assure you I have no doubts about it at all," Howard insisted quietly.

"What about the Jewish child?" the Major asked. "The dark boy."

"Is he Jewish?" Howard looked up. "He's French. It didn't occur to me to ask if he were also Jewish."

"Would they accept a Jewish child in America?" the Major asked.

"They wouldn't turn down any child," Howard said. Then with quiet deliberation, "Even a German one."

"Are you sure of that?" the other asked quickly. Then giving him a thoughtful searching look, "How would you like to continue your trip to England? That is, if you would be grateful enough to do me a small service. There is a certain person to be taken to America. I do not want to advertise her journey. It would be very suitable that she should travel with your party of children."

So that was it, Howard thought, as he got to his feet indignantly. He'd rather go to his death as the young man had gone than do what he thought the man was demanding.

"If you think that I would introduce a German agent into England or America under cover of myself and those children, you are an even greater fool than I have heretofore considered you!"

"Remain seated, please," the Major said, and as Howard sat down again he found himself staring into the gun the German had taken out of his holster. "She could hardly act as an agent since she is only five years old!" he said shortly. "Listen carefully, please. This little girl is my niece. Her father, my brother, was killed in Belgium. Her mother, we learned later, was not wholly Aryan, so we were compelled to dispose of her. But the unfortunate problem of the child remains, half Jewish as she is." His voice softened for the first time.

"She happens to be a sweet child and I would feel better if she were with my older brother in the United States. He is an American citizen and has a grocery store in Rochester, which is a city in the state of New York and—"

"City?" Howard ignored the gun pointing at him as he started to his feet again. "Rochester a city? Are you positive? His voice fell.

"Of course, I'm positive," the Major said impatiently. "Well, will you take the child? Meanwhile Mlle. Rougeron may return to her home. But until I hear from my brother that the child is safe we shall keep an eye on her."

"You mean she would be a hostage?" Howard asked. Then quickly, "No harm would come to her?"

"None." The Major smiled. "Unless you were foolish enough to talk of this little arrangement. You will leave tonight."

"I suppose I should thank you," Howard said stiffly. "But I would like you to know one thing. No conditions were necessary to persuade me to deliver a child out of your hands. It never entered my mind to refuse to take her."

"That is good. The Major looked grimly down on his gun. "If you had made any other decision, you would have known too much to leave this room alive."

It was like the pieces of a dream shifting together, the hurried awakening of the children, the drive back to the small wharf and the fisherman taking his place at the helm. Then as Howard stood there holding Nicole's hand in that last farewell, the big limousine drove up and the Major got out holding a small, blonde girl by the hand.

"Heil Hitler!" she cried, her small arm stiff in salute as she came over to them. Then as her uncle nervously explained it would no longer be necessary to hail the Fuehrer, in the country where she was

going, her small face lit up. "Gut!" she cried, scampering gaily into the boat after the other children.

Howard turned to Nicole. "I know you have done all of this for my boy," he said gently. "And for him I thank you."

"Some for him. Not all," Nicole whispered. "Some was for you, too. Once I thought there never could be another man as fine and brave as John, but I was wrong. But it wasn't for you either, it was for the children. Somehow—somehow they represent hope. You're the past, I'm the present, but they are the future, so we must take very good care of them."

Yes, she was the present, Howard thought, as he stood up in the small boat so that he could see her just as long as possible. She was what was left of his son and some day he would see her again and they could talk about John. But now there was the future to think about and he smiled as he looked at the children, already fallen asleep in the bottom of the boat. Only as he made his way carefully to the bow did he see Ronnie stir.

"Ronnie." He sat down beside him. "There's a little matter I ought to clear up with you. You remember our little discussion about Rochester? Well, it seems we were both wrong. It's not a state at all. It's a city, a city in New York State."

"Really, sir?" Ronnie looked at him in pretended surprise. "Isn't that odd, sir, that we should both have made that mistake?"

Howard laughed then as he drew the boy to him and gave him a rough hug. "You're really a very extraordinary boy, Ronnie, and I apologize to you," he said.

But it was the old self-assured Howard who came into his club in London those few afternoons later. Ronnie and Sheila were safe with their aunt and only the day before he had seen the other four off on the boat leaving for America. An air raid was going on and the man in the chair next to him looked up as the windows shook.

"Been away, haven't you?" he asked.

"France. Yes." Howard opened his London Times. "I was fishing."

"Odd time to go fishing in France, wasn't it?" the other asked. Then as an explosion sounded near-by. "That one was pretty close. What you suppose we ought to do?"

"I think I'll have a glass of port," Howard said signalling to the waiter.

"Much difficulty getting back?" the other asked.

"No. Not too much." Howard settled down to his paper again as another explosion rocked the room. Bombs didn't matter now.



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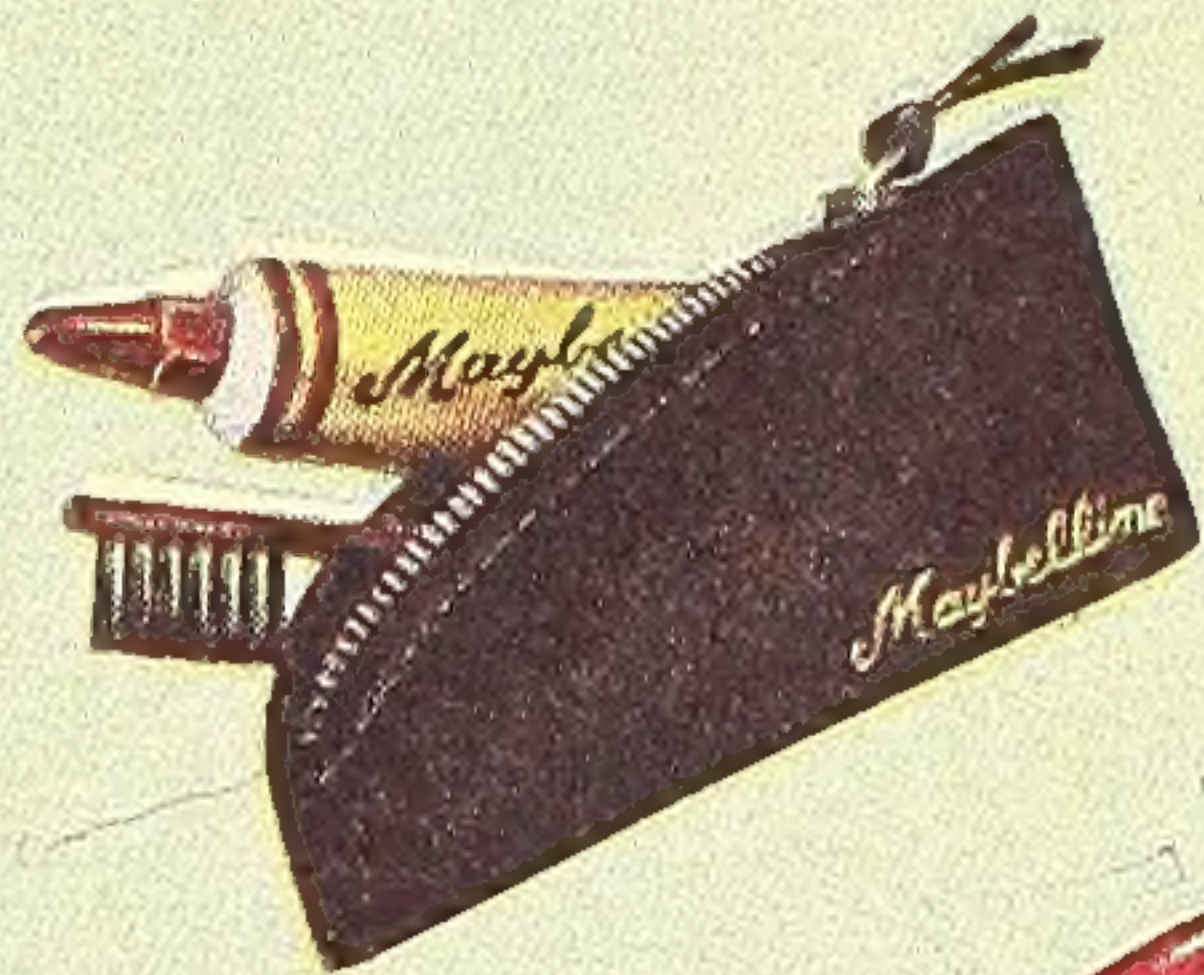
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